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"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."
Henry David Thoreau



AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

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DRUMMER

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Getting Off

Issue number twelve marched out somewhat the way March came in — with a roar. We were considerably over-sold and had to cut back to some newer distributors. Our press run has gone up again for this issue, and boasts the first new TOM of Finland art in some time (courtesy of Eon Galleries), new Target discovery BILL KING, an outstanding new Astrologic artist, Olaf Olegaard, plus a new Leather Source section, among other things.

In our last issue in In Passing, we suggested a boycott of Florida Orange products who sponsor huckster/songstress Anita Bryant. And we weren't the only one. The reaction to Ms. Bryant and her hate group in Dade County, Florida has stirred up a hornet's nest. One bright note was the Singer Company's cancellation of a proposed network TV show to be hosted by the homophobic ex-beauty queen. Persons wishing to convey their opinions regarding the activities of Anita and her "Save Our Children from Homosexuality, Inc.," may use these addresses: Edward Taylor, Executive Director, Florida Citrus Commission, 1115 E. Memorial Blvd., Lakeland, Florida 33801.

Robert V. Walker, President, First Federal Savings and Loan, (another Bryant Sponsor), One SE Third Ave., Miami 33131.

Another jarring note was the conviction of HUSTLER publisher Larry Flynt in conspiratorial Cincinnati. Much more on that on the In Passing page (76) by noted author Harold Robbins. The price of liberty gets higher and higher. So does the price of HUSTLER, which we went out and bought a copy of to see what the fuss was all about. We hope their press-run goes up, too.

While we are on the subject of jarring notes: They said you couldn't do business with Hitler. We found that out for ourselves this month. For some time DRUMMER ran a small ad from the National Socialist League (aka Gay Nazis). Not that we had anything going for the group other than a philosophy that to refuse their ad would be playing their game. Finally, the layout department chose to place the ad on a page near and dear to the Editor and it was officially decided that the Nazis had to go. They took us to small claims court, claiming the next ad was paid for. They chose one of the days that the editor and publisher were both in another court on the Slave Auction matter. Since you can't be in two courtrooms at the same time, they got a default judgment. Then they called to say that if we'd run the ad one last time, we'd be even. Rather than go back to court, we ran the ad last issue. A week later, after getting their ad published, they attached our bank account for the amount of the ad they hadn't paid for in the first place, plus court costs. Fraud? Of course. Our attorney said it served us right for having anything to do with them at all. He's probably right.

He usually is. We gave him our copy of HUSTLER to pacify him.

MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

Dear Drummer,

Just saw your super magazine — issue 11. Now I want more! Please send me the back issues you have — I gather 2 through 9, but hope maybe 10 also.

Just for the record, I really like uniforms, and the story about Chuck Stehr is interesting. I would also like to see more pics of guys in uniform, and particularly under punishment in the brig, etc. I have quite a collection of uniforms myself — mostly Navy & Marine, of which I have a pretty complete selection (bell bottom Navy, that is, not the new crap).

Allen Eagles' Movie Mayhem is really good, too. Hope he will (or has done in an issue you can send me) do a story on hangings, which is another turn-on for me, but hard to do for most of us. Clint Eastwood in Hang-em High was great, with a scene of 6 men being hanged together on a large gallows.

BB

Boston, Mass.

Hi Guys!

I've been following your fetish series with a lot of interest. I have several fetishes, and it's always amazing how enhanced sex can be by the presence of a few sexy fetish objects.

One fetish I really dig is gym gear — notably jockstraps and basketball sneakers. Anything that smells like a hot young athlete turns me on.

Anyway, I hope you might think about doing an article about that. In tricking around town, I have found that a lot of guys have an interest in that kind of fetish.

Keep up the good work. You've got a high quality rag that is also hot. If I can be of any help to you, don't hesitate to contact me.

Cheers!

Steve
Glendale, CA

Dear Sir:

When I was 17 I had a two way sex affair with a wonderful guy who later became a cop. He wasn't a god, but he was first class in face, body, and endowments. Later when this Frank got on the force, our affair continued for a short while only it was then only one way with me doing the worshipping. Frank soon did his duty as a stud, took a bride, and sired a family.

Today I still see Frank now and then, sitting on one of those three wheeled motorcycle jobs, he's gained weight, and now has the shape of a pear. His 16 year old daughter refuses to marry the boy who impregnated her because, as Frank says, "she doesn't love the stud." I see Frank with his two teen aged sons who appear handsomer and even better built than was their dad at that age. Frank

talks pleasantly, kindly with me whenever I see him, but no mention whatever is made of our past bed adventures together. I hope someday I run into Frank with his sons in the showers of our local YMCA to compare their hangings.

Whenever I see these goodlooking motorcycle cops in Cleveland, Chicago, Philadelphia, or here, sitting legs spread, idling on their choppers, I get a roaring hard on watching their saddle projected glory pouches extended upwards from their tight riding pants. I try to imagine whether or not these uniformed studs are wearing sweaty jock straps for riding protection beneath their uniforms. Concealed brutes, they are well aware of the effect their broad shouldered, serge uniformed bodies have on dames and some guys, and they are trained to stare down observers, and they return my open mouthed gawking with smirking stares.

I am always heavy into gladiatorial fantasies, with stories that could curl your hair of how these highly admired man-mountains had looked, lustured, fought, and died to arouse the blood lust of the Roman arena mob. Then there are the fantasies-stories of built gym teachers with admiring star pupils, father-son incestual affairs, swimming pool lovers, champ body builders and teen aged novice worshippers, prison rape, and so on ad infinitum.

SF

Fond du Lac, WI

Sirs:

As mentioned in the latest issue of "Drummer," I desire some information in regard to Bike Clubs in Dixie.

My residence is near Chattanooga, which is dead-end hell for the M/C and leather crowd. Would like to join a near-by Bike Club, but don't know how to contact any. Have written the Atlantis Club in Atlanta on two separate occasions and never even had receipt of my letters acknowledged. Can you offer any suggestions?

Possibly without membership, current information in regard to scheduled activities may be available from someone who has knowledge of activities that may be attended by non-affiliated individuals. Can you be of help with this information source?

W.H.S.

Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

Attention Publisher—

"JAMES DEAN
WAS A HOMOSEXUAL TOO"

I've enjoyed reading Drummer Magazine for the past four months now and I would like to extend my word of thanks for bringing the beautiful world of the leatherman into my view, as true and realistic as it is.

Now for a tidbit of info: I have just finished reading "Hollywood Tragedy"

by William H. Carr, copyright, 1976, published by Fawcett Crest Publications Inc., Greenwich, Connecticut. In the chapter about James Dean it states that aside from having an "idea fix about Marlon Brando" he attended "GAY" parties at the Malibu Colony. They also said, "although he may have had bisexual tendencies, Dean was definitely a homosexual — and he tended to mix with homosexuals whose specialty was for sadism and masochism. At the "GAY" party which he attended the last night of his life, he was said to have had a bad row with one of his lovers, who attacked him for feigning an interest in women. The next day he was dead!"

I think that "DRUMMER" should shed some light on this story because James Dean idolized Marlon Brando who started the fad with his leather jacket image and tough free-spirited personality. And it was this image in the mid-1950's that made way for the foundation that "DRUMMER" is based upon.

Running a series of articles with pictures and interviews with those who knew him the best, would make for interesting reading, and would attract new and curious readers, who normally skip past your magazine with other feature magazines next to it featuring sensationalized stories about nothing but mere trivia. Please try it, you'll notice some response.

Ken
Bethpage, NY

LEATHER HELP/HELPFUL

With respect to your suggestion, I would like to help update your list of "leather bars" with one correction and one addition.

Listed under Connecticut are Rusty's Roadhouse, 1388 Thomaston Avenue, Waterbury. That address (and the sign confirms that it was the Roadhouse Cafe) is a semi-boarded-up building that has not been in use for over a year. If Rusty's has moved, you might confirm my observation by writing to the old address; otherwise, scratch one bar.

I've visited the Boston Eagle recently and found it to be very leather. In addition, there is a denim/leather/western bar called Chaps which you might investigate and include, as my experience has shown it to be an early evening pro-leather crowd.

I should take this opportunity to say that your magazine provides a helpful and encouraging resource for those of us on the fringes or outside of the leather lifestyle who may be interested but have not yet had the opportunity (or the nerve) to actively participate.

I sincerely hope you can continue to draw upon the best work of the purveyors of the leather lifestyle, to maintain and to improve the quality of an already responsible publication.

J.H.
Connecticut

Dear DRUMMER:

Enjoy your Movie Mayhem Series in DRUMMER!

Might have missed some articles, but

have you missed John Payne tied between two horses in *The Eagle* and the Hawk? Paramount about 1952. Super shots of crotch, torn open shirt splitting in armpit, hairy chest from great angles. If you ever do a series on Tights and Torsos remember basket shots of Cornel Wilde in col. "Bandit of Sherwood Forest," and Basil Rathbone and Ty Power in "Mark of Zorro" — Fox. Also — Power in opening scenes of "Johnny Apollo."

In a kinkier vein, can you find the Life Mag. photo of Elvis in jockey shorts during his Army induction?

How about photos of Alan Ladd and Wm. Holden with and without hairy chests in different films and publicity pictures?

Out of curiosity, how come on TV despite skin tight pants, Robert Conrad, Lee Majors and Glenn Campbell appear to have no basket at all? And Burt Ward of Batman and Robin also?

No Name

Dear Sir:

I am a great fan of DRUMMER and always purchase every issue that hits the local newsstand. My collection now includes all of your issues. But, it seems to me, you have been overlooking one important and obvious recent development in the "Leather scene." That is the Italian director — Pasolini's — last film before his untimely murder. It is titled *SAHO*, or *120 Days in Sodom*. It is now shooting in Paris where I saw it some weeks ago and — WOW! This film alone is worth a special issue in your "Leather" publication. You really ought to look into it and offer your readers some stills from it in any case.

You will pardon me if I choose to remain anonymous.

New York

Gentlemen:

I have just completed your latest issue. The weather here in Houston is warming up, and man so is your mag (in fact it's just plain fuckin' HOT).

Couldn't help but note that you have a new sub-heading and assume that it means that your format will change a bit. "America's Mag for the Macho Male" seems to be more inclusive than "LEATHER FRATERNITY," and with that you've once again hit the nail on the head, SIR. Thanks for realizing that there are us into levis.

After reading your entire mag (hands shaking with anticipation of finding my favorite feature) I had to result to masturbating over a past issue. The page is getting a bit worn from the action and results. Please tell me sirs that you have not discontinued the erotic connect the dots series. I'm so far into them that I painstakingly connect them with a ruler.

A suggestion: Produce an entire magazine consisting of crosswords and erotic dots and make it available, through mail order, to us that like verbal and written S/M.

In sincerity, many thanks for countless hours of enjoyment received through your efforts. More DOTs, more HOT photos of young studs (got any light

haired types in your archives) and more western hunks.

Keep up the great work and outstanding quality.

DD
Houston, TX

Sirs:

The new issue of DRUMMER arrived today and I want to congratulate you for finally running the National Socialist League ad. Finally you practice the non-discrimination you preach. Also, I would like to see some kind of organized reply to Anita Bryant's escapades — a letter writing campaign maybe, as well as the boycott of orange juice (that you already suggested).

A more devoted reader:

JS

For more on both of those subjects, see "Getting Off" opposite — Ed.

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"LEATHER AND UNIFORM CLUBS PISS THE COPS OFF. BUT THEY'LL HARDLY EVER TRY TO BUST SOMEONE IN A LEATHER BAR. THEY'D NEVER GET OUT ALIVE!"

"I was a Gay

JACK, our interviewee, is a big, deep-voiced, good-looking guy in his early thirties, about as butch as they come. Until recently, he was a sergeant in the L.A.P.D., during part of his law-enforcement career on the vice squad. Jack is also gay, and he feels increasingly strongly about the immorality of vice squads, the prevalent practice of entrapping gays and the "obscenity" of prosecuting victimless crimes. Jack isn't his real name. He asked us not to use that because he has a pending lawsuit against the city and because his ex-lover is still a member of the L.A.P.D. But he has some fascinating things to say about the inner workings of one of the country's most ruthlessly homophobic police departments and what it's like to be gay and be a Los Angeles cop.

DRUMMER: Why did you want to be a cop in the first place?

JACK: Because of the money. I didn't have too much education, about two years of college. Being a cop is about the only job where you don't have to know too much, just be in good health and see well, and you can make over \$1,000 per month to start. I needed the money. It was only a job to me, not a career.

DRUMMER: How did you get into vice?

JACK: Well, when you get out of the Police Academy and get assigned to a division, you're a brand new face. Right away they put you into vice, because a lot of the guys already on the streets are recognized as cops. I wasn't too happy about it. But you don't dare say no to an assignment when you're fresh out of school.

DRUMMER: How did you feel when you made your first gay arrest?

JACK: I felt dirty. I felt like a hypocrite. I didn't like it at all. The guy was guilty of groping me, but shit — how many guys had I groped before that? How many people have I groped since? I mean it's fun. I felt real guilty. We were in a bar, and I had rolled up a sock and put it in my crotch so it would look like I had even more than I do. And I

stood there real hot and enticing. That's the way it happens most of the time. The cop is encouraging as hell. It usually amounts to entrapment.

D: How much entrapment goes on?

J: A good deal of it. There's a whole area of "testi-lying," as opposed to testifying. If you take a look at arrest reports, somehow the officer never mentions sex, never does anything out of line. And it's always short and sweet on the part of the defendant. He'll say, "Hey, I'd like to suck your cock" or "You can fuck me" — right off the bat. Now you and I both know it never happens that way. Usually it's much more subtle. But if it does get down to saying just what is going to go on, the cop just as often will say, "Do

"A GOOD DEAL OF (ENTRAPMENT) GOES ON. THERE'S A WHOLE AREA OF 'TESTI-LYING,' AS OPPOSED TO TESTIFYING . . .

you want to get it on?" or "Can we go to your place and fuck?" It's just as much a proposition on the cop's part as the defendant's. But that never shows up in the arrest reports.

It gets pretty sad, sometimes. Some desperately lonely old man is in a bar and suddenly he's being paid a lot of attention to by some big fox, young enough to be his son. The officer doesn't have to entice very much — just be psychologically available. The old guy's better judgment's gonna go out the window, and before you know it, he's busted. It's the same with a nelly queen. If there's a chance to go home with a hunky stud, she tends to go a little overboard. And it was the officer who came into the bar with sex on his mind. He's the one who's implanting sexy thoughts in the minds of the guys in the bar.

D: How many cops will have some guy "service" them and then arrest him, or demand servicing in lieu of an arrest?

J: That doesn't happen — it's just bar-room talk. Gay cops that I know have lovers or else sex is very available to them elsewhere. Besides, most of them are too well-adjusted to get into that.

D: But what's to prevent some straight cop who hasn't gotten any from his wife in a while from making some guy suck him off?

J: Straight cops don't have to do that because straight sex is so easy to come by — especially with those uniforms. Women throw themselves at cops — sometimes to avoid getting a ticket, sometimes just because they're turned on by the whole idea of making it with a cop. There's a whole bunch of groupies who hang around the police station all night hoping to make it into the sack with a cop.

D: If it's legal for consenting adults of the same sex to have relations in private, and gay bars are legal establishments, what's illegal about going up to someone in a gay bar and picking them up?

J: Officially, it's "soliciting for a lewd act." Technically it applies to straights, too, but you'll never see a bust in a "swingles" bar. It's a one-sided affair; it only applies to us.

D: Well, if it's legal to do it, how are you supposed to communicate to someone that you WANT to do it?

J: I don't know — sign language, maybe. It's all right to be gay, to do gay things in your own home, but it's not O.K. to meet someone else who's gay. It's pretty unbelievable. But what it boils down to is power. If you have no laws at all against victimless crimes, you take away a good deal of power from the police department.

D: Is that what it's all about — is that why some cops get off on being in the vice squad?

J: Sure. Hard-core vice cops — the ones who really want to be there — have a loose connection in many ways. They always seem to be the flaky ones. They get the big orgasm when they arrest someone, especially on a sex-related

JAMES SPADA interviews a



Vice Cop'

"CHIEF DAVIS AND SHERIFF PITCHESS ARE RUNNING SODOMY FACTORIES IN THEIR JAILS. IT DOESN'T TAKE TOO LONG IN THOSE PLACES TO MAKE AN IMPRESSIONABLE YOUNG GUY INTO A HOMOSEXUAL PUNK. HIS WHOLE SEXUAL DIRECTION IS CHANGED. AFTER HE IS TURNED OUT ON THE STREETS, THEY CAN ARREST HIM AGAIN FOR DOING JUST WHAT THEY ALLOWED DONE TO HIM IN THEIR JAILS."

charge.

And they'll camp it up when they arrest a guy: "Thay, you thilly thavage"—that kind of stuff. I guess it builds their ego up, makes them feel more masculine, superior.

D: It would seem to me that it would be just the opposite. What happened to the noble ideals of being a police officer and protecting the public? If you're not catching a burglar or preventing a rape or a murder, what good are you doing? How can you feel good about yourself if all you're doing is arresting someone who's doing no one any harm?

J: It's the same principle as laughing at a cripple in school or someone who wets his pants — it's the scapegoat mentality.

D: Is there a psychology to being a policeman that has a lot to do with that?

J: There certainly is. It's an authoritarian thing. There was a study once of police types that compared them to the Nazis in authoritarianism. Cops who took the test scored higher in all areas of authoritarianism than non-cops.

You asked whatever happened to the noble ideals of policemen? In the LAPD and elsewhere, professional policing — dedication to your job, adherence to moral principles — went out the door years ago. It's the same in other professions, too — doctors are more concerned with money than they are their patients, lawyers are less concerned with their clients than their fees. I think the whole noble ideal has diminished along with the quality of life in America.

Of course, there are some cops who are fine men and fine officers. There's one sergeant, as straight as they come, who's got a streak of decency in him that's amazing. Once we booked a drag queen and the jailer wrote "fag" on the arrest report. Well, this sergeant saw that and gave the jailer hell — "You can't say that. Say 'homosexual' or something. But this just isn't right." This guy was secure enough in his own sexuality that a different lifestyle wasn't a threat to him.

D: How many of the cops who get off on busting gays are closet cases?

J: In my opinion, hardly any at all.

D: Then why do they need to bust gays to feel more masculine?

J: Well, they may be straight, but they may be lousy pieces of ass to their wives. They may have doubts about their masculinity. It's strange, but a lot of guys change when they get on vice. They get a lot more hostile. Maybe it's the bully syndrome — you know, picking on someone fairly defenseless. Most vice cops will go after the nelly ones. There's a lot less chance of getting their teeth knocked out by some big bruiser. And it's easier to feel contempt for the nelly ones. But to most cops, no matter how butch you are, you're still a fag, still a queer, still a twinkie.

"THE COP ATTACKED HIM, MAD-DOG STYLE, BLOODIED HIS NOSE, LOOSENEA A TOOTH, SPLIT HIS LIP. I ORDERED THE OFFICER TO STOP. THE VICE-COMMANDER CAME TO ME AND ASKED ME WHY DIDN'T I JUST SAY I DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING."

D: How prevalent is beating of gays?

J: Not very, but it does happen. I only saw one good beating. Once I was on jail duty for a couple of weeks and a vice cop arrested a black gay who looked essentially straight — nice guy, too. But he and the cop had a disagreement out in the police car — I don't know what happened, but I think the defendant had been giving him snotty answers or something. So the cop attacked him, mad-dog style. Bloodied his nose, loosened a tooth, split his lip. I ordered the officer to stop and told him to get out of my jail

or I'd call the watch commander. By doing that I stepped on the Vice Commander's toes. He came to me and asked me to keep quiet — if internal affairs came to me, why didn't I just say I didn't see anything?

How often do they beat prisoners? It's hard to say. Some cops overreact in defending themselves. Some, like this guy, start the fight — viciously and maliciously. Technically, cops are supposed to take any kind of verbal abuse —

"You mother fucker!" "I hope your mother dies!" Most of them do take it — it's their job to. A cop can defend himself if he's physically attacked, but only within reason.

D: Just how many cops in the LAPD are gay?

J: About one half of one percent. Really, it's that small. There's a pretty tough screening process. About 75% of the force has to take a lie detector test at one time or another. If you're past a certain age and not married, not going steady, not divorced and don't have a couple of illegitimate kids, they make you take the test. And almost invariably, if they're giving you the test for something else, they throw in the gay question for good measure. My lover was in the department with me (when we broke up, I left) and he took the lie detector test and flunked it. But somehow he was able to talk his way out of getting fired. Another guy I know had to take the test after being busted himself in a gay bar. He took the test, but an hour before, he had his doctor inject him with a sedative so his responses would be minimal. He passed the test.

Other cops aren't so lucky. A defendant can accuse a cop of almost anything — hitting him, calling him a nigger or calling her a whore — and the department will take sides with the officer. But as soon as a defendant accuses a cop of making a homosexual advance, the cop is presumed guilty until proven innocent. And the only way you can prove you're innocent is to pass the lie detector test. Of course, some cops are so nervous

enuine Gay former L.A.P.D. vice officer

about taking it that they flunk it — even though they're not gay.

D: But there ARE gay cops in the Los Angeles Police Department. How can these guys get on without developing paranoia?

J: Most of them are paranoid, and with good reason. You get caught, you get fired. And if it's your career, then your life is ruined. I met my lover on the force. He approached me, but he was nervous as hell. I was the first guy he ever made it with. We lived together, but we never drove to work together, never patrolled together, never ate lunch together, hardly ever acknowledged each other's presence. All we did was sleep together every night. He'd get really turned on, hot as a pistol, want to do everything — until he came. Then he'd get this attitude of, "Get away from me, you faggot." He never said it, but I sensed it. He'd be all full of remorse and guilt for about an hour afterwards. He just couldn't handle it. He couldn't reconcile being a cop and being gay. So now he's a cop — first, last and always. And he's asexual. He's put sex out of his mind.

I heard a story about a young cop, just out of the academy, who fell in love with his partner, an older veteran of the force. Finally, it got to be unbearable for the kid, and one day he told his partner that he loved him. Well, the guy went right to headquarters and squealed, and the kid got fired.

D: There must be some cops who are less uptight, like you.

J: Yeah, I didn't give a shit. Like I said, it was just a job. I was a damned good cop, don't get me wrong, but I wasn't paranoid about being gay. There was this one cop in my division who found out somehow that I was gay. He never said anything to anyone, but he was damned abusive. We'd have words and he'd call me a queer, and he was always generally nasty. Then one day, after about a year of this, he came up to me and propositioned me. I accepted.

Another time I called the cops because my house had been burglarized. Two officers came by, and one of them was a guy I had tricked with the week before. Neither of us knew the other was a cop. About a week later, this guy comes to my door in full uniform. He comes in, and asks me to put on my full uniform, gun and all. Then we made it together. Now I'm not a uniform freak, but I sure got off on it. I was late for roll-call that day. And I couldn't wear the same uniform because it had come stains on it.

D: How do cops feel about the leather scene and uniform clubs?

J: It pisses them off. They make fun of those guys. It's an attitude of, "I have the real uniform. I deserve it. Those guys are just phony queers." But they'll hardly ever try to bust someone in a leather bar. Can you see one of 'em going into Larry's on a crowded night? He'd never get out of there alive!

D: What about the Mark IV arrests?

J: It was planned two weeks in advance, out of administrative vice downtown. It took a large back-up and contingency of uniformed officers to do the clean-up after they did the dirty work. Of all charges — slavery! How can you en-

slave the willing? Didn't someone once buy the services of Congressman Goldwater for an hour at a political fundraiser? There was this big headline in the *Santa Ana Register*: "LAPD Frees The Slaves!" They freed them all right. They took off those plastic handcuffs and replaced them with the real thing. Then they put them behind bars. They really freed them!

D: What can be done about vice arrests? Is there a way to stop the whole thing?

J: It's real tough. Ed Davis has become something of a folk hero, you know, to those people in the San Fernando Valley and Orange County. He has a whole lot of power. And he gives the department free rein. He encourages cops to bust gays. They can do anything they want to in relation to gays and they'll have the complete backing of the department. Davis promotes homophobic cops to positions of power and influence. And it isn't likely to change. Ed Davis is a prodigy of Chief Parker, who hated gays; once Davis leaves the chances are Darryl Gates will be the new police chief, and he reflects the feelings of Davis. It's a self-perpetuating thing.

You know, one of Chief Davis' great contributions to the understanding of homosexuality is his "Germ Theory." One of his biggest qualms about gays is that we're nasty and dirty and we have

"ED DAVIS ENCOURAGES COPS TO BUST GAYS. THEY CAN DO ANYTHING THEY WANT TO GAYS AND THEY'LL HAVE THE COMPLETE BACKING OF THE DEPARTMENT."

sex in back alleys and bathrooms and that when gay cops use the car microphone they spread germs to the next (straight) officer who uses it. Oh! Clean, straight, sweet and pure officer. He just goes home and eats every pussy on the street. Well, I'm living proof that I didn't give anyone on the force swine flu — and a pun was intended!

I always suspected that Davis had political ambitions. Some of his remarks were so irrational — like hanging hijackers right at the airport — that it was clear he was pandering to the most red-neck element of Southern California politics. Now some ultra-conservative groups are trying to "draft" him for the Republican gubernatorial nomination. Surprise!

I think attitudes are going to have to change, people are gonna have to be educated about homosexuality before we'll see a slackening off. You know, a big objection to gay cops is the parents' fears that their little boys are gonna be molested. Well, let me tell you, if I were a parent, I wouldn't want my little girl around police officers. The chances of a straight cop seducing a teenage girl are far greater than a gay cop seducing a teenage boy.

But the only thing you can do now is

be careful. It's pretty easy to spot a vice cop. He's the guy who on the hottest day of the year still has his jacket on. He has to keep it on to conceal his shoulder holster. You have to beware if you see a beautiful stud, real hunky, with a jacket, acting real available to some whimp-looking queen that you know would be the mis-match of the century. It's a good bet he's a vice cop operating this guy.

Another thing is that Sunday nights are off-nights for the vice squad. It's the only night of the week that gays can get together in places like Griffith park to do their thing.

We're not all innocent. We'd just like to be left alone to do our thing. But there are those guys who like to do straight trade in tea rooms. For some guys it's more of a thrill to proposition a straight guy, no matter what he says, than to get it on with someone who's willing. One time, when I was a patrolman, I was in City Hall testifying, in civilian clothes, and I went to the men's room to take a dump. While I was sitting there this whimp, fat, red-headed guy, about twenty-two, walked right into my stall and said, "Hey, I'd like to give you a blow job." Well, I got mad. So I told him, "Sure, just let me wipe my ass and get up." As soon as I did that, I punched him in the stomach, pushed him against the wall, lifted him by the scruff of his neck and told him that if he didn't get the hell out of City Hall, I'd kill him. To my mind, that's far superior to busting the guy.

D: Joseph Wambaugh thinks that all gays in tearooms, even the ones who have sex only with willing partners, have a desire to be caught. I would think that, on the contrary, people do it in spite of the danger, not because of it.

J: I think so, too. Sometimes you get real hard up for a trick and tearoom sex is very quick and easy. I've met people at the beach and I always try to go somewhere else, but I can't always. I did it on the beach once but I was so uptight about getting caught that it wasn't much fun.

I don't think guys who use tearooms want to get caught, but maybe they do want to be degraded. I think the ones who proposition straights in tearooms want the verbal abuse and the angry reaction they usually get from straights even more than they want sex.

D: But sometimes the straight guy will be willing, won't he?

J: Sure, sometimes. Occasionally a straight guy will come, by accident, into the local bar I hang out in and then decide to stay. There's a fascination on the part of some guys. They want to see what it's all about. They want to try gay sex — it's forbidden fruit. No pun intended.

D: Do vice squads serve any useful purpose at all?

J: None whatsoever. They're not "saving" anyone from anyone but himself. They are pornography in the worst sense. Having a cop in a gay bar who's enticing guys to grope him and then arresting them is obscenity in the truest sense of the word — that which is without any redeeming social value.

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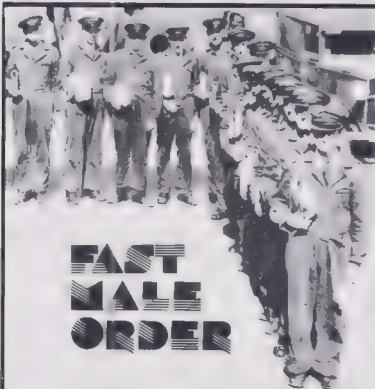
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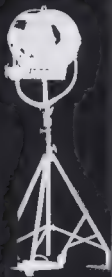
Figure 10.10

Abstract

Size

214 pages

4. <http://www.fishbase.org>



the leather casting couch

SCOTT MASTERS



How sweet it is, I reflected, to be able to plan these things ahead of time, to have a carefully-screened and unquestioning victim, to get all the equipment set up well in advance, to be certain of having created the most efficacious setting and mood! Too many past big pick-ups, leading to quickie sessions carried out with makeshift paraphernalia in thinly-disguised Sunset Boulevard apartment locations, had dementally failed to reach the erotic heights I required.

But once having secured generous financial backing for my S and M film, "The Agony of M.," everything had changed. It astonished me how many hunky actors, here in Hollywood, responded to my ad for a "Sublimely motor/thrills . . . to co-star in a heavy action film." Even some smaller names, desperate to find work for creative diversions, forwarded piles of intriguing composites and doctored resumes.

I had conducted endless preliminary interviews, all requiring the applicant to strip as an integral part of the initial elimination process, before narrowing the field down to three finalists who eagerly agreed to submit themselves "without qualification" to the testing of their "reactions to a series of humiliations, punishments, and tortures" that was to be my final selection procedure. Part of my budget was earmarked to assure that these terminal try-outs would be conducted under the most authentic circumstances possible: handy my intense euphoria.

Results of the initial full sessions confirmed by early conclusions about the importance of careful preparation. To put through his paces the first of the finalists, an incipient swashbuckler type named Marc Ortega, I had rented a fully-equipped dungeon set from an independent film company in the process of doing a remake of "The Black Swan." There is no other word than "fantastic" to describe the entire exhilarating experience. It surpassed my most ex-

travagant expectations! (Ed. note: Masters described this hot scene in DRUMMER, Issue 12.)

Now I was just about ready to put the second finalist through his paces. Inasmuch as 21-year-old Buck Taylor was a real rodeo cowboy from the backwaters of Oklahoma, I had decided to subject his lean and rugged form to a series of tortures with an appropriately western orientation. He had been forewarned of this, and ordered to appear wearing the same outfit he had worn when he won first money in the Junior Rodeo Nationals.

A stuntman ex-slave of mine owned a small ranch near Sylmar and agreed to let me have the run of that remote spot on a day when he had to be out on location, and that promising day had finally arrived. Buck had been given a call far sooner, so I had the entire morning to double-check the available facilities and equipment. I was particularly pleased with the potential of some beams I discovered in the tack room and its environs.

Only a minute or two before noon I heard the distant sound of an engine, and a few moments later Buck's wheezing Ford pick-up swerved off the road and into the dusty driveway. He screeched to a stop by the hitching rail in front of the barn and jumped out, leaving the cab door ajar behind him. Catching sight of me in the adjoining tack room doorway, he ran in my direction, then came to an abrupt halt several respectful feet away.

"Gee, sir, I surely do hope I ain't late. I never been up this way afore," he spluttered breathlessly. "I thought I loved enough time, but that consarned

"Shut up!" I commanded. He obeyed, mouth open in mid-word.

I looked him over leisurely, pleased to note that he was dressed as I had told him to: long-sleeved flannel shirt, well-worn clinging jeans, and scuffed boots with the heels worn down at that curious angle

typical of working cowboys. A sweat-stained Stetson rested lightly on his close-cropped sandy hair, and a plaid neckerchief was knotted below his appealingly rounded chin. He sported no jewelry whatsoever.

"Do I look O.K.?" He asked apprehensively, head lowered, squinting up at me with incredibly azure eyes.

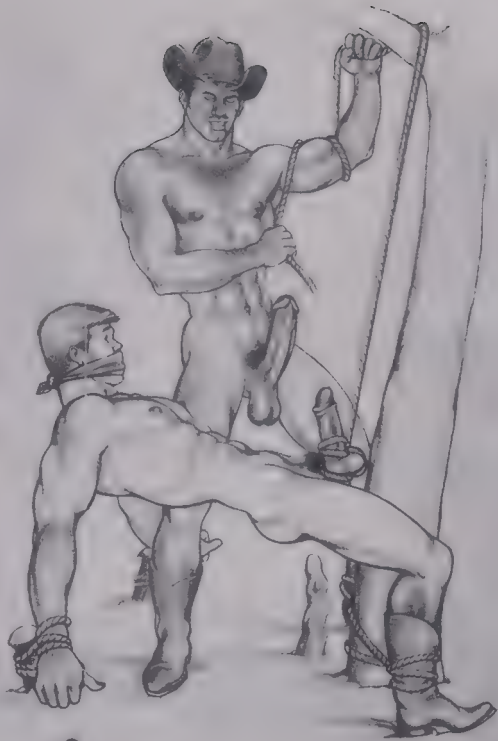
"Sir!"
"Do I look O.K., sir?"
I slowly circled him, inventorying with pleasure the width of his shoulders, the subtle curve of his buttocks, the bulge at the crotch — remembering with satisfaction the blunt uncircumcised cock and heavy balls that languished there.

He grinned in relief, the corners of his eyes crinkling in that sexy way I recalled. A sudden surge of warmth filled my loins.

Taking a Release Form from my briefcase, I handed it to him to sign. My lawyer had drawn it up, and it stated in no uncertain terms that I was relieved from all liability for any injury that might be done, and that the hopeful actor was undergoing this try-out of his own free will.

"Put yer monicker on this!"
Buck frantically searched his left breast pocket, found the chewed stub of a yellow pencil, and painstakingly wrote his name at the bottom of the sheet: "Hiram Edward Taylor, Jr." He handed it back to me immediately, then retreated a few steps, waiting expectantly to submit himself to my wildest whims. I knew from our initial interview that he craved this movie job with that special kind of hunger that only an out-of-work performer can know. This could be his golden opportunity, and he would risk anything and everything to take advantage of it.

And a good thing, too, for back in the far recesses of the barn I had found an old two-wheeled dog cart which I had methodically cleaned and oiled. This would just a few yards from us in the



open doorway, forked tongue from the single axle between its two wire wheels resting in the dirt, half-canopy shielding the driver's seat from the noonday sun, ready for bizarre employment. I studied it with immense anticipation, then turned back to Buck.

"First, ditch them fruity boots. Then strip down to yer fuckin' underwear if yer wearin' any," I growled.

With only the very slightest flicker of alarm, he immediately unbuttoned his sleeves at the wrists, jerked the shirt-tail out of his jeans, opened the buttons down the front, one by one, and shrugged out of the garment, leaving it with some indication of reluctance in the dirt at his feet. Under a form-fitting T-shirt his nipples pushed provocatively.

He squatted in place to pull off his boots, then stood upright again to release the straining buttons down his fly from their narrow imprisonment. The trouser legs were so tight around his thick thighs that he had to tug at them vigorously in order to get them off, heavy wool socks going along with them. Stripped to hat, neckerchief, T-shirt and boxer shorts, he resumed his place before me, awaiting my pleasure.

After surveying the compact torso for a few moments, delighting in the promised strength of his bulging calves — a feature common to those who spend a lot of time on horseback — I yawned deliberately and directed him to fetch from the seat of the dog cart another of my early morning "finds," a rough-hewn singe ox yoke with abnormally elongated wings. Buck followed my bidding with acuity, anxious to prove himself perfect to play the masochistic movie role I was cast in.

"Kneel down!" I barked.

The young cowboy fell to his knees on the ground instantly, head bowed low in some atavistic acknowledgment of servitude in an earlier existence. His sinewy arms hung loosely at his sides and his big toes pressed together.

"Stretch them motherfuckin' arms out wide."

Again he did my bidding without hesitation.

Resting the yoke across his powerful shoulders, I rudely tightened the centered oxbow under and around his neck. With short lengths of leather horse reins I fastened his wrists to the extended wings of the heavy yoke, as if to the horizontal bar of a cross. His brawny arms now immobilized, I pulled him to his feet, my attention now turned to those two bare legs.

First I hobbled his ankles with a two-foot leather strip, restricting movement to about six-inch steps. Then I grabbed the waistband of Buck's boxers and ripped them violently away from his body. His exposed cock quivered, began to arch upward, its head making a tentative appearance from between the uncut folds of foreskin. The tempo of his breathing increased sharply, diaphragm pumping visibly beneath the taut T-shirt.

Finally I tied the center portion of a long, narrow piece of rawhide securely around the base of his hairy sac. Picking up the tongue of the dog cart, I forced it over my slave's thighs and wrapped

the loose ends of rawhide around each one of the prongs of its forked end. I was going to have me a ride around that ranch, and my means of energy was going to be rodeo cowboy ball-power!

Any doubts regarding my plans that may have remained in Buck's mind must have been irrevocably dispelled when I tore the T-shirt from his back, snapped at him with a buggy whip, and shouted "Giddyap, doggy!"

One foot lurched in a tiny step ahead of the other before he felt the pull of the cart at his scrotum. He came to an abrupt halt. The cart had not moved at all. Gripping the crop of the whip tightly, I slashed again at the exposed planes of that broad back before me, now beginning to glisten with sweat.

"Giddyap, I said!"

Buck's other foot inched ahead, his whole body straining forward. I heard something like a cross between a grunt and a groan and felt the cart shudder slightly, although inertia was not yet overcome. Urging my harnessed victim to increased efforts, I applied the buggy whip again and again, noting with grim satisfaction the criss-crossing of welts beginning to appear on Buck's naked flesh.

He was sobbing from pain and frustration now, but his determination continued unabated. So much was at stake! Pushing every muscle to its utmost effort, he forced one foot forward again. I was fascinated by the agonizing stretch of the scrotum beneath the enticing sounds of his bare buttock cheeks, and aimed my next blow directly at that target. Which did the trick, let me tell you! With a sudden, guttural shriek, he managed to flounder forward and the cart creaked into motion.

"Move that dead ass o' yours straight ahead into the field!" I called, flicking my whip again, this time at those gleaming buttocks.

Slowly, deliberately, inch by painful inch, a steady forward movement was established. At the rate of about two feet per minute, we trudged out into the open field. The sun beat down mercilessly, and perspiration ran in rivulets over the body of my panting doggy, soaking the remnants of T-shirt that clung to his heaving chest, darkening the sweat band of his Stetson, mixing with little beads of blood across his back and ass. The tender membrane of his scrotum seemed stretched to the breaking point.

There were a few anxious moments on the trip back to the barn when one of the wheels of the dog cart dipped into a rut I had to use my whip with murderous ferocity in order to get us underway again. The muscular back just a few feet in front of me was covered with bloody stripes, and a steady whimpering moan counterpointed the metronomic cracking of the whip.

When we reached the initial starting point and I cried "Whoa, doggy!" my slave crumpled full length into the dust, fettered arms still outstretched, "at tumbling to one side."

I lazily released the rawhide from his balls, and then perfunctorily sponged his bleeding back and butt. The damage looked considerably worse than it ac-

tually was, skin broken only superficially in a few places. To these I applied iodine lavishly, and could almost hear the grinding of Buck's teeth. Spread neatly down at my feet, his naked form with arms still fastened and ankles hobbled, my supplicant maintained a stoic silence, passively awaiting his next ordeal.

Pulling him to his feet, I rode aside the remnants of his T-shirt, leaving the neckerchief in place, untied his ankles, and gave him a hefty shove into the tack room. He managed somehow to keep his balance, and came to rest in a mote filled beam of sunshine from a high, open window, affording me my first real opportunity of the day to examine the nipple-centered pectorals and Robert Conrad-like washboard stomach that had so attracted me at our preliminary interview. It was amazing to see that throughout his entire experience as a "doggy" he had not lost his semi-erecton.

Stretched-out arms still tethered to the yoke, oxbow firmly around his neck, my youthful rodeo star looked uncannily animal-like, the reincarnation of some mythological faun, perhaps, lacking only horns to complete the image. Deep blue eyes returned my thoughtful gaze worshipfully. Sweat continued to stream from his exposed, finely-haired armpits. His tightly-curling pubic hair was matted with it, unconsciously abetting the next trial I had planned for him.

I backed him up to the center post, and lashed him to it around neck, waist and ankles with additional lengths of leather reins. Only then did I remove the yoke, in order to tie his wrists together and fix them to a ceiling beam high above his head. Then I let my hands trace the outlines of his nudity, trailing down his arms, over his chest and stomach, down, down, caressing thighs and calves. Beneath my palms, the living flesh exuded warmth.

Feeling the heat myself, I doffed my own jacket and jeans retaining only cock strap and engineer boots. Buck followed my every move avidly, pink tongue wetting dry lips, as I brought closer to him a bucket of spring water and a bar of soap. With these I made a batch of suds and worked it thoroughly into the pinned cowboy's pubic hair, covering the entire area wound his ever-enlarging prick and contracted bag.

Acquiescent, he did not even flinch involuntarily when I picked up an ancient straight razor and began hacking at his vital region. The blade hadn't been sharpened since God knows when, so each wiry hair was as much plucked out as it was sliced off. Glancing up, I saw as it was sliced, working convulsively, but still no sound escaped his lips. Annoyed, I began to whack at his groin more savagely, yanking brutally at his inflamed nuts so as to reach the secret nest of hair beneath them. A barely-throttled howl rewarded my more energetic efforts, but that swollen cowboy cock sustained its rigidity.

I kept at it ruthlessly until the whole area was depilated. Droplets of blood flecked his skin, and to these I laved more iodine before releasing my exhausted prey from the post. With some little difficulty, he stayed on his feet.

"Hands behind yer back!" I snarled.

As I expected this command, he snarled crossed brutal wrists at the small of his back. I bound them together there, then forced them up towards his neck and drew a loop around it, under the neckerchief.

"Now get on yer fuckin' knees, asshole, and get this goddamn jack strap offa me with yer cocksuckin' teeth!"

Buck evidenced no sense of humiliation at all as he dropped to his knees at my feet and bit at the waistband of my athletic supporter. When his teeth inadvertently rasped my bare hip I cracked his face resoundingly. He lost his grip and returned to the task more gingerly, moving his mouth from one side to the other, bit by bit dragging the strap down over my buttocks, studiously avoiding contact with my big organ that sprang from its imprisonment at my crotch.

Now naked and rampant as he, I began preparation for the final trial. Loosening his arms again, I made him spreadle himself face up on the dirt-packed floor. With segments of iron chain that had apparently at one time been used to tie fence posts together for shipping, I immobilized his widespread arms to supporting beams at either side of the little room. The same fetters served to fix his legs in a similar position. He was utterly helpless, all his life force seemingly confined to those alert eyes and that rigid cock.

Divesting a rusty bridle of its reins and discarding the bit, I straddled his chest and set the mechanism around his head, thrusting the clamps into the sides of his mouth. This distorted his lips and teeth into a diabolical kind of half-smile, the overall effect enhanced by a film of fear over the wide blue eyes that glazed, unblinking, up at me. I could feel the rapid beating of his heart beneath my ass, the quick expansion and contraction of his lungs.

"O.K., turd-face, get ready to eat meat," I exulted, raising forward on my knees and ramming my full nine inches deep into the back of his throat. He gagged uncontrollably, his soft palate palpating against the tip of my cock head with exquisite effect. Supported by my arms, I gyrated my hips, feeling as well as hearing the gurgling response of my defenseless vassal, fucking that fresh cowboy face furiously.

With extreme care I switched from the circular hip movement to a more direct thrusting action, pulling almost completely out of the hotly moist orifice and then plunging freely, feeling my juices begin to accumulate, holding back, starting again, halting, another and another slow withdrawal through those velvety lips.

Beneath me, within the severe limits of its restraints, the virile young form was also active. Buck Taylor's pelvis was thrusting up and down on the dirt floor, and he managed a slight backward and forward motion of his head, matching the rhythm of my own frenzied activities. His soft tongue teased the underside of my stiffened rod, and I felt the measured warmth of his breath. My intrusion stifled the carnal keening wrung from the depths of his being.

Soon, soon, I knew I would erupt. All the world, all my essence was concentrated at that mystical spot buried within the loins where desire and release merge with an excruciating explosion of mind shattering consequence. I no longer saw nor heard clearly. There was no tack room, no barn, no ranch. Only that irresistible surging from my balls, into my cock, coming, coming, coming...

Afterward, freed again, Buck shyly wiped from his stomach with the torn pieces of his T-shirt some spotted remains of his own orgasm. Cautiously, as if awaiting orders to the contrary, he slipped into his shirt and faded jeans, buttoning carefully over the recently denuded pubic area. He stuffed his shredded boxer shorts into a hip pocket, then sat on the ground to replace socks and boots. Once again the quintessential 21-year-old rodeo star, he stood stiff-legged by the door of his pick-up, clutching his Stetson behind him.

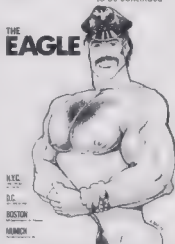
"Sir - when - er" He had to clear his throat before he could get the question articulated. "Sir, when will you let me know if I get the part?"

"When I'm goddamned good and ready, that's when," I answered gruffly.

My eyes were focused intently on his ass as he stepped up into the driver's seat, but my mind was already planning what I would do to the teen-aged black body builder who would be my next victim.

to be continued

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**DRUMMER
GOES TO EONS'
TOM of
Finland
SHOWING**



EONS . . . ages past and to come. The entire spectrum of human endeavor has been recorded for all to witness. Art and architecture, music and dance, drama, life itself . . . all are a part of the EONS gallery, grown in a year and a half from a plant-and-gift shop into a showcase for the artists who today herald the new age.

Unknown, these sometimes young, often sensitive, and always talented people are given to the public in a quiet, loving and very respectful space, adaptable to the requirements of varied media. April sees watercolors and oils by Shelagh Paul, a beautiful English girl who uses color quite the same way as Turner, but in boldly contemporary style; clear and mirrored glass by James Williams and Larry Berlin; multi-media presentations by photographer Tom Tucker; and on April 8 and 9, a laser light show by John Murphy and Art Manikin.

Now EONS, a gallery to view and be viewed, proudly presents sixteen Tom of

Finland originals for viewing and sale at the gallery, 708 North Heliotrope Drive, Los Angeles (660-3074). * There are four from the well-known "Tom's Bar" series, six published by Colt, four by Target and two done just for you. EONS has been open since September, 1975, and have shown various media and styles. Their first show was in March, 1976 and featured the work of the infamous Robert Opel, then projecting his Mr. Penis image. This was followed by Alexseal Alfervov in April (see the article in the *Advocate*), and Robert Finney and James Williams in May. Jud Stoddard, *The Fractured Reflective*, presented his bicentennial salute in mirror in July, and reappeared in his eclectic collection in December. Mr. Williams returns in April for his second major show.

Art has previously been the handmaiden of established order, dedicated to the symbolic control of the masses through control of those impounded with

wealth, to sustain and control Art, our most precious wealth. For if a nation is culturally starved, who does one look to but the master to be fed. And that is controlled through the dollar bill pyramid. "Keep them hungry," is their motto — ever so hungry. When one has been fed pabulum and Wheaties (regardless of the breakfast of champions brainwash), he just doesn't have much of an appetite for red meat, because his system won't digest it. Tom gives us red meat . . . something we can get our teeth into, so to speak.

An artist whose concepts and drawings represent a projected imagery which lovers of the male form find fascinating, Tom's work blends the fantasy and realism the better for us to see ourselves as we wish to be. Often sadomasochistic elements are cold and unrelenting, not so with Tom's drawings. The humanity of his people is the true element which catches our attention. But he is also strong. That catches our attention,

always.

Earlier Tom drawings, such as the one reproduced from the Spring, 1957 issue of *Physique Pictorial*, show how far the artist has come. In this drawing, the over-projected beauty and the body still unrefined, much as a youth's, but yet more as a man's, cry out for birth. We see it as through a time warp, not yet clearly visible. One sees the man, Tom of Finland, as though in sublimation... his mind racing far ahead of his skill as a craftsman. Now you see the unpublished works, most recent, and you see the subtlety, nuances and blending of environment and man... 1976, projected through artistic conceptions. Our own inner 'imbalance' doesn't allow it, or so one thinks. S & M relationships should strengthen and reinforce the spirit as well as the body if properly used. This demands more and better brotherhood, not less.

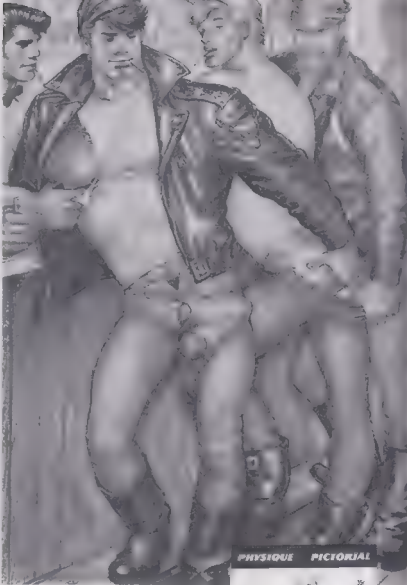
Tom of Finland is a longtime male erotic artist and a native of Finland, having been born there "over fifty years ago," and he still spends most of his time there, though the somewhat less-than-liberal Finnish law and the public's intolerance force him to do much of his work outside of his homeland. For these same reasons, he still must insist on anonymity.

He was very much interested in drawing as a small boy, has in his collection a cartoon from his sixth year, and worked as a commercial artist for over fifteen years. The first drawings, at that time they were called "physical," date from twenty years ago in *Physique Pictorial*, published by Athletic Model Guild, which today has a collection of over 120 drawings. Others to publish Tom in the United States are Colt Studio, Target Studios and QQ magazine. As the rest of the existing material on the U.S. market has been pirated, perhaps this explains his reluctance to make his first visit to our shores... a bittersweet taste. We all realize that an artist's first mistress is his art. But Tom will now receive the belated acknowledgement and, more importantly, an even break where the dollar enters the picture. And what a little price it is to pay for the joy and pleasure he has given so many of us for so many years.

In Europe, 30 booklets and magazines have been published, and Tom did the murals in "Tom's Saloon," a leather bar in Hamburg. Several of his best works are in private collections, and have never been published. The total number of his drawings is well over 1,000, most in pencil... there are only about 50 in color.

It seems appropriate that this salute and acknowledgement should come through a magazine called DRUMMER and a gallery called EONS. For Tom certainly followed an inordinate drummer and deserves to be seen throughout the eons. Here's to hands across the water... may the bridges be built.

*There were originally to be seventeen drawings, but a Frenchman visited Tom, saw one of the drawings he did especially for this show, and threatened suicide unless he was allowed to purchase it. We are sure that you will all agree that, luckily for French-Finland relations, Tom sold the drawing... our loss, their gain.



PHYSIQUE PICTORIAL

35

20 year old PHYSIQUE PICTORIAL
courtesy of ATHLETIC MODEL GUILD
Reproductions of TOM's work may be ordered
direct from AMG in Los Angeles.



EROTIC DOTS



Warning: when completed, this will be a sexually explicit drawing. If you will be offended by the content, do not connect the dots!

POGEY BAIT

photos by ROB CLAYTON

by GEORGE BIRIMISA

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

(We are in the brig. After midnight JOEY is asleep on the matress. He turns over on his side. He groans. The brig is dimly lit but the lights will become brighter as the scene progresses.)

JOEY
(In his sleep.) Violetta? Don't run away no more... don't... don't.

DU BOIS
(Offstage, singing.)
It's a quarter to three / There's no one in the place / Except you and me

(DU BOIS enters. He is carrying a tray in one hand and a bottle of whiskey in the other. He dances on stage.)

So set 'em up, Joe / I've got a little story / You oughta know / We'll drink to my friend / I'll drink to you and I'll be et' provide

JOEY
It's gonna be swell... just take it easy... take it / *(DU BOIS puts the tray on the deck and takes a slug from the bottle.)*

DU BOIS
One more for my baby / And one more for the road

JOEY
The needles... why won't they... why...?

DU BOIS
(Talking.) Wake up, Daddy!

JOEY
Once the old buzzard dies, then Mom can... she.

DU BOIS
Hey, white boy! *(Talks the song now.)* It's a quarter to three / There's no one in the place / Except you and me!

JOEY
Vee? Vee? *(He sits up blinking his eyes.)* Vee? Violetta?

DU BOIS
(Dancing back and forth.) I ain't no kind of violet. Ah is the nigger from the galley, boss sir

JOEY
What... what?

DU BOIS
(Now he sings from the song.)

We got rhythm, baby! / You may not know it / But I'm quite a poet.

JOEY
What the fuck are you doin' here?

DU BOIS
(Still singing the song.) I've got a lot of things to say! And when I'm looney, you simply gotta listen to me.

JOEY
Did you make that up?

DU BOIS
You never heard it? Lady Day Cab Calloway...

JOEY
Who?

DU BOIS
Forget it, Mister Charlie!

JOEY
I don't understand nothin' you're sayin'.

DU BOIS
It's solid, Jack!

JOEY
Ah... how come you're so different... the way you talk?

DU BOIS
(Southern drawl.) Ah can't help it, massa boss, that ah a nigger ah is born this way, suh! Don't worry about it, baby! C mon! *(He holds up the bottle.)* A toast to our stalwart Captain! *(He takes a slug.)* Here's mud in your eye, Captain Goosey! *(He hands the bottle to JOEY.)*

JOEY
(Laughs.) I'll drink to that... to Captain Goosey! *(He drinks.)* How come you talk two different ways?

DU BOIS
(Opens his mouth.) Because I have a forked tongue... the tongue of a serpent!

JOEY
Ah... comin' down here... ain't you worried that you'll... you know what I mean?

DU BOIS
Baby, Captain Goosey is tucked in his bunk, having dreams of torturing you tomorrow and...

JOEY
(Laughs.) But what about the guard... *(He points.)*... out there?

DU BOIS
Red Lipson? He's too busy stuffing himself with a mess of collard greens, hominy grits and fried chicken.

JOEY
Yeah, but Simmons squealed on Lefty Lefko.

DU BOIS
I'm not Lefty, white boy!

JOEY
You know, I don't even know your name

DU BOIS
Du Bois

JOEY
Du what?

DU BOIS
Bois... the opposite of girls

JOEY
That your last name?

DU BOIS
Du Bois Garvey Lambert

JOEY
Really?

DU BOIS
Too fancy for a nigger, baby?

JOEY
I... ah... didn't say that... ah... Du Bois.

DU BOIS
But you were looking it, Jack.

JOEY
Well... ah... my name ain't Jack.

DU BOIS
Yeah baby, I know. I gotta get everything ready so I
can have my ear to the bulkhead, Daddy-D!

JOEY
You're a real par
DU BOIS
Keep cookin' on the front burner, Joey!

JOEY
Well, well, take it easy, Pops!

ID BOIS exits. *Lights slowly dim.*

ACT TWO
SCENE TWO
We are in the Captain's office. The desk is clear of Capt. Daily's things. Dr. Halberstam is standing behind the desk. Gium is standing next to him, still holding a huge stack of papers. He puts them on the desk and then holds the chair while Halberstam sits. Joey is standing at attention.

JOEY
(to Gium) Well... everything is in order. Well done.
GIUM
I have a few interrogations completed, put in a few more.
JOEY
(looking at huge stack) Obviously you've been workin'...
GIUM
(hand Gium a key, he goes with the wind)

GIUM
(Has his pad and clipboard, I think I should...) *(Gium sits and begins to write. JOEY looks at him)*

JOEY
How would you like a break, Gium.
GIUM
(not looking up) Now, sir?

JOEY
Yes, be back in a couple of hours. Captain Daily will be taking over this.

GIUM
(not jumping but still looking over his shoulder at Captain Daily to sit here and take down everything that)

JOEY
I know... know, but I'm a thickhead. I must be one with Jurovich.

GIUM
But I don't want to get into hot water with Captain Daily. *(goes back to writing)*

JOEY
I'll take full responsibility. Gium!

GIUM
Ah, sir, to cover me you better give me a direct order. *(back to clipboard)*

JOEY
Good idea. *(DOC stands. Motions for Gium to stand)* Gium!

GIUM
(Gium stands at attention) I'm ordering you to go to your office and work on the unfinished interrogation. You got that, Gium?

JOEY
Aye aye, sir! *(he exits like a tin soldier)*

JOEY
But if you prefer to get some sleep time... well...

GIUM
Thanks a lot, Doc. *(he exits. DOC locks door)*

JOEY
Jurovich, have a seat. I locked the door. I have a feeling Captain Daily might try to horn in on our little session. If there's a knock on the door I'd appreciate if you'd stand at attention. How are you handling it? *(No answer)* Moves to briefcase and gets cigarettes and ashtray. I brought you some cigarettes and our own ashtray. We wouldn't get ashes on the Captain's floor.

JOEY
Deck, sir. If Captain Daily heard you call the deck the floor he'd have a fit.

JOEY
It seems Captain Daily has been having quite a few fits lately. Ah... is the scuttlebutt true about Captain Daily and his nick name... Captain Goosey, right? *(No answer)* Ah... I don't like last names. Do you mind if I call you Joey?

JOEY
It's okay, sir!

JOEY
I don't like sir. Why don't you call me Doc?

JOEY
Yes sir!

DRAMMER 22

DOC
Joey, I want you to know how I feel about the situation. Let me explain. I am a psychiatrist, I just recently joined the Navy. Been assigned this ship for three and a half months as a medical doctor. I have a little bit of experience as a psychiatrist. You see, I disagree with the way Captain Daily has been conducting this affair. I think it's a shame, disgusting. I think the Captain's sexual behavior...

JOEY
How come he doesn't throw you in the brig?

DOC
He would if I weren't an officer.

JOEY
You saying, you're on my side?

DOC
Joey, I'm afraid I'm not saying that at all.

JOEY
Who's side are you on, Doc?

DOC
Joey, if I were on your side I wouldn't be able to help you.

JOEY
Huh?

DOC
Joey, do you know what the word objective means?

JOEY
Something to do with an object?

DOC
It means without prejudice... without bias. You see, I must keep my emotions objective... out of the situation. The minute I start to get involved...

JOEY
Your eyes, Doc.

DOC
What?

JOEY
Your eyes. When you turn your head sideways like that they look one color and then when you moved your head they look another.

DOC
(sits in chair. Speechless for a moment) Ah... ah... Joseph, ah... Captain Daily is convinced that you and CPO Lefko are embroiled in a homosexual relationship. He wants me to trick you into admitting it. Here, I've got something for you, I think...

JOEY
(Joey begins to eat his sandwich) I got papers. Joey, let's talk about your homosexuality.

JOEY
What about it, Doc?

DOC
I got all my information about homosexuality comes from textbooks. You're the first homosexual I've been in direct contact with.

JOEY
You mean to tell me you're a psychiatrist and you know nothing about homosexuality?

DOC
I didn't say that. I have learning from books, Joseph, but I have no actual experience with homosexuality, if you know what I mean.

JOEY
You're damned good looking, Doc!

DOC
Ah... what?

JOEY
You're damned good looking!

DOC
(after getting himself together) I think you misunderstood. I am not a homosexual. I thought I made that crystal clear.

JOEY
I didn't say you were, Doc! To be honest about it, I like to go to bed with straight guys.

DOC
What?

JOEY
Guys who ain't queer... like you, Doc!

DOC
Joseph, please keep me out of this. How can I be...?

JOEY
Don't you want to know the truth about me, Doc?

DOC
Yes I do but Joseph, if these men are not ah... homosexuals,

LEATHER JOURNAL

by Toby Bailey and Bernie Prock



ELLOGY FOR
A LEATHERMAN

IN MEMORIAM
CHUCK GOVERNOR
1941-1977

Chuck's death came not only too soon, but as a terrible blow to those of us who were close to him. During the few short months we knew Chuck and worked for him at the One Way we came to think of him as a true friend. Like us, he had both faults and virtues, and we loved the combination of both that was him.

Few people really got to know what went on inside his head. That was his way. If he had serious problems on his mind he wasn't one to bother everyone with them. He chose the personal and business issues he discussed with others, and his friends felt gratified to share and be involved in those concerns with him.

Chuck was always full of surprises we'll never forget, from a weeklong birthday party for one of the bartenders to a spontaneous popcorn-throwing battle. Other times he would disappear for

several days, then suddenly reappear, full of good cheer and optimistic plans for the future that he'd been working on.

Chuck took a sincere interest in his customers and employees and counted them among his friends. He was constantly at the bar to see that everyone had a good time, and to add his own outgoing, yet gracious touch.

Chuck was a stubborn and headstrong topman. It gave him the strength and energy to keep going when others would have given up from exhaustion. He loved having a good time, even to a fault, but he was far from superficial. He had a low tolerance for phoniness, and a great respect for intelligence and integrity in others.

Chuck was firm and active in his beliefs about gay oppression and tried in many ways to participate in building the strength and freedom of gay men and women in business, politics, and humanitarian services. The advancements of these goals and his partner's success would make Chuck very happy, much more than all the mourning in the world.

He was generous and giving to his many friends and acquaintances in many ways. If he was sometimes bad to those who cared for him it was often he who suffered most for it in remorseful silence.

Chuck lived and loved life hard and fast. Although we feel great sadness that he died so young and too soon, we know he thoroughly enjoyed the years that were his. He related to us on one occasion that he was truly happy when he looked back over his life because he had already been privileged to have more rich and beautiful experiences than most men could reasonably expect in a lifetime.

Ray, Chuck's partner-in-life, faithfully continues the work they started out together. May our friendship add strength to overcome his sorrow. Chuck is gone, we are there and life goes on.

Chuck, we are very sad and a little angry that you were taken from us so unexpectedly, but we'll carry on as you would want -- with no regrets. As long as we, as well as we knew you, loved you. Some of the hopes and dreams we all shared will be carried out to completion by those who cared for you so much. Having wept as we silently said goodbye, we live with beautiful memories of you. Rest in peace.

LEATHER JOURNAL

Another good man has left the gay leatherscene and life long before his time. It's sad and certain that we and you will learn of the untimely death of numerous gay friends in the prime of their lives, one after another, should we reach old age ourselves.

The pace of urban gay life is fast, tumultuous, wearing, and sometimes

fatal. Social pressures and condemnation from the straight world, night life, unstable relationships, lack of sleep, and overindulgence in alcohol and drugs all take their toll.

An acquaintance ponders if a mutual friend's death was a suicide as he washes down three tranquilizers with his fifth scotch and water. His bar buddy doubts out loud that the young active man could have had a heart attack, then sniffs the remains of his bottle of amyl.

A young acquaintance brags that he took three quaaludes, then had sex at the baths all night, but can't remember with whom. The young man he tells this to counters proudly that he hasn't slept for three days and nights, thanks to a diet of uppers, acid and beer.

Anyone who's been in the gay scene for a while knows young men who are burning themselves out at a rate where they will feel (and probably look) forty-five when they're thirty -- if they last that long. But these gay friends of ours are not trying to die young. They are killing themselves trying to live.

Relative to most gay people, leathermen are generally better equipped to deal with life and the prospect of death because of intelligence, education and financial resources. They also tend to be well equipped to kill themselves through unhealthy overindulgence, as their tremendous drive to succeed in both business and night life undermines their constitutions.

Some gay men fear death more than life because of the double life they lead. So many straight friends and relatives don't accept or understand gay life, fewer yet are capable of accepting the validity of a life preference for the leather and S&M scene. Even those who have divulged their gayness to relatives and heterosexual friends are often overwhelmed with the futility of trying to explain their involvement in the gay leatherscene.

Some leathermen take elaborate precautions to keep their leather lifestyle unobservable to the uninitiated loved ones who might examine their home and belongings due to serious illness, accident, or death.

Some of us never get around to writing wills and making other arrangements so lover and friends can visit us at the hospital or bury us according to our true wishes.

Death often cracks the thin veneer of seeming tolerance relatives appear to have for the leatherman's lifestyle, lover, and friends. The dead leatherman's lover and others who cared for him may encounter undisguised hate and anger as parents or other relatives try to claim the body and estate of the deceased.

Gay life, once embraced, is not just a preference. It's a preoccupation. We escape from the demanding straight world of relatives, occupation, and social obligations, seeking the personal satisfaction of needs that the straight world denies us. In what little time and space is left for us to be gay we frantically attempt to find the social, sexual, and emotional experiences without which we are incomplete. It's no wonder many of us race headlong to an early grave.

FURY OF THE FOREIGN LEGION

Our famous sadist this month is not an individual but an institution: the notorious French Foreign Legion. Characterized succinctly by one of its own former sergeants as "in itself a punishment," it is composed of "the excreta of 50 nations, the last refuge of the world's cutthroats and criminals, the Legion is everything you have heard, read, seen in the cinema."

In the interest of historical accuracy, one should point out that the "French Foreign Legion" is actually an inaccurate reference to the *regiments étrangers* of the French Army. It was founded in 1831 as a force to be used in colonial campaigns, particularly in French North Africa, where it became famous for its brutal quelling of native insurrections. It also became one of the world's most romanticized military units, "a curious twist of fate," according to historian Tony Thomas, "in view of its true reputation as a sort of voluntary penal colony."

"In order to get recruits to serve in remote and bleak outposts in brutal heat and continuous danger, the French opened the legion to men of all nationalities on a no-questions-asked basis. As such it attracted adventurers, renegades, criminals and those who desired to retreat from ordinary life."

Not only was its routine daily life "in itself a punishment," but the Foreign Legion developed an inventive variety of quasi-official punishments for infractions of discipline ranging from insubordination to desertion. Frustrating to the researcher in this field is the near-impossibility of being able to attribute properly the various eye-witness and first person reports one uncovers. This is due partially to the practice of enlistees to give false names upon signing up and partially to the fact that in their quest for anonymity they customarily dropped given names altogether. Thus we can cite only an "O'Reilly," a "Rosen," or a "Kolinsky."

Nevertheless, the veracity of their accounts, complementing each other as they do, is beyond dispute. A painstaking piecing together of the countless firsthand reports results in an itemization of authenticated Legion punishments that includes flogging, burying alive, strapping up while exposed to the desert sun, the "silo," tying to wheels, on *crapaudine*, plus innumerable individual innovations and variations.

One early 20th century historian marvels that it is "hard to believe . . . that the men subjected to this kind of treatment are volunteers. They are men who of their own free will and volition have burned all their bridges behind them to risk their lives in the service of a

country that is not their own . . . These types of punishments are not to be found in any regulation book. They are improvisations and have been developed over the years of the Legion's existence, which, in turn, maintains them religiously as part of the Corps' tradition."

"Sometimes a man dies after the treatment he has received, but this is not actually intended. Death sentences belong exclusively in the domain of the Conseil de Guerre and theoretically a soldier can only be sentenced to death in the course of a regular court-martial. But there are exceptions to the rule and they, too, are improvisations."

The most vivid description of the Legion's flogging technique that we have can be attributed to the aforementioned "O'Reilly," written in the 1920's. "We were marched," he reports, "to a sort of square, somewhere near the centre of the hutments, and adjacent to the cells. And here we were called to look upon a horrid sight. In the centre of this square was a great, thick post, and hanging from this was the inert body of a man. He was hanging from his hands, his wrists being handcuffed to a staple near the top of the post. Limp as he hung, the poor devil's feet only just touched the ground, so it was plain that when he had been trussed up he had been forced to stand on tip-toe. He was stripped to the waist, and, as he hung there, his back was towards us."

"But, if we had not known what it was, we should never have recognized it as the back of a human being!"

"It looked exactly like a huge piece of raw and bleeding meat, which might have been roughly hacked from the original carcass by a very blunt knife! From neck to waist the unfortunate man had been flogged to the point of being practically flayed alive — for not one inch of cuticle (sic) was visible in the whole of the horrible expanse of furrowed and bleeding flesh."

"But the most terrible sight of all was the flies! Thousands of the accursed insects feasted and laid their eggs upon his mutilated back!" At this point O'Reilly says that he felt faint. Yet he was to become better acquainted with the whole procedure because not many months later he found himself strapped to that same post and subjected to a severe flogging. This was after his fight with an officer and prior to his being shipped to Oran for court martial.

"It was the first time I had ever been flogged," he writes, "and it was worse than I thought it would be! Every stroke of the whip cut right into my back and I could feel the blood soaking down into my loins. It was as though I was burned alive by inches, and I had to bite deep

into my lips to stop myself from yelling with the agony of it."

A young Polish Legionnaire recounts his experience in this way: "An officer came with four Legionnaires and took me out of my cell after requiring me to strip completely. They tied a rope to my wrists and pulled up the rope with a pulley, so that I was standing on my toes, my weight on the rope above my head. A whip slashed into my skin; the blood began to run down my back. The whip slashed into me again, and again, and again."

"I regained consciousness back in the cell. I had a fever. My lips were moving, as if uttering a prayer, but even though I tried, I could not speak out."

"I dozed fitfully that night. The next day I could not move my body without fire burning through me. And again they took me to the same place. As they began to beat me on the open wounds, I cried out in Polish: 'No . . . no . . .'"

The most harrowing account of burying alive as a punishment comes from "The White Keph," reporting on the mistreatment of a Walloon recruit named Gries. "It is midday," logs an eyewitness, "and a blazing heat streams down from the burning sky, pressing one to the earth and making one feel like a dried-up wash-rag. The Walloon is taken outside the fort, stripped, and buried naked in sand up to the neck. His eyes have a mocking look at first, but become bloodshot, and after about half an hour an appalling shriek comes from his vivid lips."

"And while we stupefied Legionnaires stand glaring at him, he yells for mercy without ceasing. He is willing to count ten sacks of dates, a hundred even, if only somebody will take him out of the terrible blazing heat that is burning and stifling him! The sergeant lets him wait for a long while and then orders him to be shovelled out and laid on his bed."

"The ordeal is over. And the Walloon's spirit is broken. He now belongs to the Legionnaires who execute every command, be it ever so crazy, submissively and idiotically, with the greatest hurry."

An investigator named Loehndorff also speaks, in *Hell in the Foreign Legion*, of prisoners who were "buried up to the neck in the scorching sand" and in another passage of his book he relates a visit to a desert fort where "a Legionnaire is being punished by being trussed up and laid stark naked on the hot sand. The sun blisters his red skin, and he howls and howls, curses, begs, prays, and slavers like a tortured soul in the antechamber of Hell."

It is a fact that these kinds of punish-

ADVENTS IN HISTORY: FAMOUS CAPTIVES IN ENILLEGION

ments were never applied for major offenses but only for trifles and small infractions of the *regiment*, usually without a hearing or trial, or any other attempt to investigate the charge against the Legionnaire involved. It goes without saying that the subject of the punishment has no chance whatever of defending himself or of at least explaining the particular reasons for his misbehavior.

"A curious kind of punishment," Rosen recalls, "was considered in the Foreign Legion to be a radical cure for deserters — a kind of mediaeval torture which, by the way, was not kept for deserters only, but came into use very often. This was the 'silo' and the 'crapaudine'.

"The silo consisted of a funnel-shaped hole in the ground, broad at the top and pointed towards the bottom. Into this hole, used as a cell for solitary confinement, the misdoers would be thrown, often nude, without a blanket or any protection at all against the sun or against the rain, at the mercy of the heat by day and the cold by night.

"The poor devils would be left for several days in this 'prison.' They could not lie down, for the bottom part of the hole was only one or two feet square. They spent day and night alternately standing and crouching, now in pouring rain, now in the burning sun. They very soon became ill from the foul vapors of their body wastes. When at length they were taken out of the silo they could neither walk nor stand and had to be carried. Now and then a silo prisoner died in his hole.

"For the ordeal of the crapaudine, the victim was simply tied up into a bundle and thrown into a corner, his hands and feet being tied together on his back, till they formed a sort of semi-circle. Such a crapaudine, as there is l'epilepsy day and night, totally unable to move. The most he could do when he tried very hard was to roll from one side to the other. For a quarter of an hour a day he would be set free and get bread to eat and water to drink. A day and a night in the crapaudine was enough to deprive a man of the use of his limbs. Several days gave him quietus."

The experience of an American corporal named Mitch Kerrigan at the hands of one Sergeant Duclos affords an example of the gratuitous humiliations even the most simple of infractions could expose one to. Kerrigan's offense was to retain a wedding ring on a chain around his neck, contrary to the regulation that no such personal possessions from the past were to be kept. part of that "burning the bridges" philosophy. A "stool pigeon" spotted the gold band

while Kerrigan was taking a shower. According to the report, "within half an hour the lanky Yank was summoned to report to Sergeant Duclos.

"Strip," the beefy NCO said coldly. "Kerrigan froze for an instant, and then realizing that the game was up, slowly began to undress. Duclos grinned as he watched the American remove each item of clothing and carefully fold it. The sergeant hummed softly until Mitch Kerrigan stood naked before him. Then he saw the ring, and his scarred face broke into a smile of hungry triumph.

"Duclos arrogantly strutted to within a foot of Kerrigan, studied the gold band thoughtfully and reached forward as if to examine it closely. He had his hand on the chain when Kerrigan opened his mouth to speak. But Duclos didn't wait to hear what the corporal had to say. Suddenly, he jerked the chain taut and twisted it in his fist, cutting off the startled American's wind. At the same moment he slammed a brutal jab into Kerrigan's naked stomach.

"Kerrigan fell to his knees. He looked up just as the sergeant's knee slammed him in the face. The agonizing blow hurled him into a widening pool of pain and blackness. The last thing he saw was Duclos pulling his foot back for another smash at his face, but he passed out.

"When he came to, he knew he was hurt badly. Every inch of his body was black and blue from the hundred crazed stomps of Duclos' heavy boot, and his raw bleeding face was like a cheap sausage. Only the fact that he'd crumpled forward had saved his genitals from the sadist's kicks, but he knew that he had at least a couple of bruised ribs and a twisted ankle that screamed agony every time he moved. The chain and ring were missing from his still-nude body."

Another American, referred to only as "Kolinsky," was stripped and shanghied into the Legion while on a drunken spree. Upon sobering up and telling a "recruiter" named Clene to "Go to hell" when required to salute, he was subjected to the following agonies: "Clene shrugged. 'From this moment on, as far as I am concerned, you are a *bleu*, a raw recruit, so much raw meat to be cut up and put back together in any form I choose.'"

"He reached behind him and unsheathed a short bayonet from the scabbard on his garrison belt. He held the blade so that about a quarter-inch of the point extended between his thumb and forefinger. 'Would you rather salute?'"

"Kolinsky looked at the knife, then at Clene's face. 'Go to hell,' he repeated. "Clene shrugged. 'Raw meat, then,' he said, and lightly flicked the knife at Kolinsky's arm. It was too quick to duck,

and he wasn't sure Clene had even touched him at first, because there was no pain. But then there was pain, and Kolinsky clutched his arm. Blood smeared his fingers. Clene had showed the quarter-inch point in up to his thumb-nail. Kolinsky was surprised that so much blood came from a quarter-inch cut.

"While he squeezed his right arm, Clene hit his left. Kolinsky shouted and immediately grabbed at the new pain with his right hand.

"Then Clene hit his right arm again, and by reflex, Kolinsky clutched at it with his left. And Clene was ready once again with his bayonet.

"It went like that: left, right, left, right, Kolinsky grabbing, Clene just a little bit ahead of him, digging his point in delicately, drawing new blood. He began to sob, in humiliation and pain, unable to stop grabbing at each jab.

"Clene grinned. 'You are young, a young terrier of a man. Still lots of time for mademoiselles left in you. You would hate to be deprived of that,' he said, and his arm flicked out again.

"This time Kolinsky felt the sting in his right thigh, close to his naked groin. He yelled and jumped back. The hand was quicker than the jump. The next jab was on the left thigh, higher. The third was just a small nick above his crotch, but that did it.

"Oh hell," he said, and threw up his bloody right arm in the best salute he could."

Hulk Davis's book, *Legion of Outcasts*, contains some of the most hair-raising first person narratives about the Legion that one could hope to find.

"One day we were taken to see the treatment the Legion gave captured deserters. For the first week they were kept nude in their cells and were given only enough food to keep them alive. They had no blankets to keep them warm during the cold nights. They were severely beaten several times a day and at least once during the night. The beatings were so ghastly that the bloodied prisoners were no longer identifiable."

Davis himself was captured as a deserter some months later, and, as he had earlier witnessed, was stripped and thrown into his cell. "The stench was unbearable," he remembers, "as there was no receptacle of any kind for human excrement."

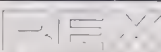
"All my senses were deadened, so the sound of my cell door being unlocked and unbolted mingled with all the other sounds I vaguely heard. . . I was only aware of light, but could not see. I felt the texture of the rough blanket which was thrown at me. My only reaction was to try to cover myself, but this was not

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allowed. The next thing I felt was a heavy stick hitting my back.

"Get your goddamned ass outside and start exercising," a voice bellowed.

"I could not get up and was literally kicked and beaten out of my cell. I was pulled to my feet and stood swaying in the blinding light.

"Now exercise, you worthless son of a bitch!"

"I fell to the ground and immediately felt a heavy belt buckle cutting into my nude body. Then the stick again, followed by carefully placed kicks. I must have reacted to the commands in some manner and at least gone through the motions of exercising. . . . This routine of painful exercise, always in the nude, continued twice a day for a week.

"*'Roulez-Boulez!'* the sergeant yelled. This meant, literally, to roll like a ball. I learned to make a human hoop of myself and rolled over and over. The crushed rock covering the jailyard intensified the pain in my bruised and beaten back, buttocks, and legs. The sergeant stood ready, belt in hand, to blindly beat those who stopped rolling. Then, after the first exercise period of the day, we had to stand immobile for several hours while the blazing sun burned our naked bodies."

Further on in the book, Davis describes at great length the special tortures meted out to a young Legionnaire who was caught stealing from the Company's cash box. During the evening count of the prisoners, after a long period of "the usual counting and re-counting," the sergeant had the culprit brought out to face the entire company.

"All of you have been standing here for a while. All of you have to take a leak. I hope so, for your sake. So all of you - I repeat - EVERY LAST GOD-DAMNED ONE OF YOU, will go into the bath house where we find this fiend tied to the floor and, six men at a time, you'll piss on him. Should anyone fail to carry out this order, he will receive the same!"

The prisoner was tied to the floor. He was stripped naked. The group I was with waited at the door to the shower room while the six men ahead of us carried out the order. The sergeants and corporals were watching and giving commands.

"He's thirsty. Can't you see that? Piss in his mouth!"

"The prisoners, following each command, aimed the six streams of urine as directed. Some of the men had been sickened by the brutality. The stench of vomit mingled with the odor of urine as our turn came to enter the shower room.

"The prisoner was blue. He looked more than half dead. I stared at him incredulously when I saw that he had an erection.

"We were grouped around him, two men on either side, one at his head and one at his feet. We unbuttoned our flys and carried out the vile order. When we had finished, a corporal went to the prisoner, his shoes squishing in the urine."

"Got hot nuts, huh? How does this

feel?"

"The corporal's stick, backed by a powerful arm, hit the prisoner's testicles. I closed my eyes and did not see the man's reaction.

"One of the boys in the group I was with, just before we turned to leave, clasped his hand to his mouth. He was too late. A stream of vomit hit the prisoner's chest. We turned to leave the room. The next group was ready to come in. We were suddenly stopped by the voice of the sergeant who had given the orders to urinate on the man in the first place.

"Just wait until tomorrow," he said. "That's when the fun really starts. Tomorrow we'll shit on him! WE'LL JUST BURY THE SON OF A BITCH IN SHIT!"

"I was sick when I arrived at the barrack but I made it to the toilet before I vomited. Some of the guys had enjoyed the debauch and talked about tomorrow's plan with eager anticipation.

"They were disappointed, however. The next morning, during assembly, a bundle wrapped in a gray blanket was carried out the door of the isolation yard and thrown onto a truck. The truck hurriedly took off. The bundle, I imagined, would be dumped or buried in the desert and a report would be written. "Prisoner escaped."



Paul Valli Barbers

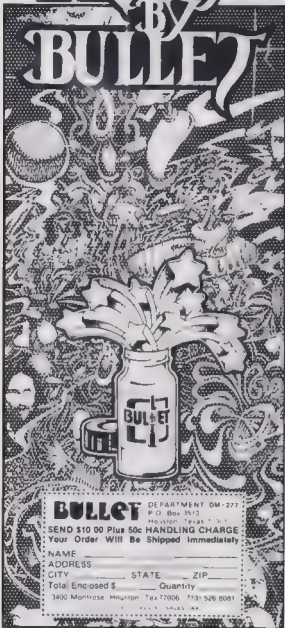
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ASTROLOGIC

ANIES S—[Mar. 21-Apr. 18]: Get into the Easter spirit. Play on a Playboy bunny.

ANIES M—Beware of reformed Queens, defective slides and Sadists in bunny suits.

TAURUS S—[Apr. 20-May 20]: Protect your loved ones. Chain them in the dungeon making sure they have enough toys to keep them amused. Nourish them with ludes and amy! Make sure they understand that it's for YOUR own good.

TAURUS M—You're blessed with such a magnificent voice so sing for your supper. Who says joy sauce and leather don't go together. Amy Vanderbilt isn't always right.

GEMINI S—[May 21-June 21]: Be crust—Make your M an only when he's not in the mood.

GEMINI M—Try to make your S think you're newly in the mood... "Not tonight, dear, I have an a-a-a-sch!"

CANCER S—[June 22-July 21]: With spring rapidly approaching, start a new slave collection. Be trendy, like an all-black or Oriental harvest. You'll be the talk of the leather bars... not to mention the NAACP and other minority liberation groups.

CANCER M—Join your favorite minority group... especially one you don't fit in with.

LEO S—[July 22-Aug. 21]: Start a collection of ancient torture devices, such as iron maidens, pulleys, restraints, etc. Hold a gallery opening and invite only Masochists.

LEO M—Get a modeling job demonstrating the slave torture collection, sort of an S&M Beauty Furness.

VIRGO S—[Aug. 22-Sep. 21]: Take your slave(s) on an exciting, dangerous and terror-filled outing. Try Griffin Park for starters.

VIRGO M—Join the above group, especially prior to elections. Bring along a warm jacket. Handcuffs will be provided there.

LIBRA S—[Sep. 22-Oct. 21]: Throw a Good Friday party (it's Christmas, as it is called). Have a cross-carrying parade through main street with lots of flogging with palm branches.

LIBRA M—Send mask notes and California oranges to Anita Bryant who is billing herself as "the Gay's S and the Lord's M!"

SCORPIO S—[Oct. 22-Nov. 21]: Time for a spring dungeon cleaning and redecorating. Try a nice wash-and-wear decor like Larry's bar in L.A. (lastingly done in Bear's Medieval.)

SCORPIO M—Get a toothbrush, a bottle of Windex, the year FFA red handle around your head and volunteer to spring clean neighborhood dungeons.

SAGITTARIUS S—[Nov. 22-Dec. 21]: The Archer, as in back! Bend your favorite M over that Harley hog and reassure him by giving him a strong hand. Remember it doesn't hurt (or does it?) to put your best foot forward either.

SAGITTARIUS M—Go to your favorite sports event and visit the losing team's locker room... heels, jer and, of course, name calling is essential. Jockeying and amy! required.

CAPRICORN S—[Dec. 22-Jan. 20]: In order to attain those goals this month, you must be shrewd and step on a lot of people. Beat your way through that tangled jungle, and tear some seats up. How depressing, another month like the last.

CAPRICORN M—You will meet an accomplished artist with brown fingernails. Bring your own stool and chains.

AQUARIUS S—[Jan. 21-Feb. 18]: Your symbol is the water bearer, so forget the drought and help a deserving M by quenching his thirst.

AQUARIUS M—Blue is your favorite color, make sure all bruises are at least a deep disprinkum. Black optional.

PISCES S—[Feb. 19-Mar. 20]: Be creative... fingerpaint someone you love with your favorite waste material. Shades of brown preferred.

PISCES M—I was thirsty and you gave me drink. The next time you may drink right from the crowd... through a straw held in your nose.

ARIES

MARCH 21

APRIL 19



BOOKS

THE CLASSIC NUDE by George M. Hester. American Photographic Book Publishing Co., Inc., Garden City, N.Y. Softbound, unpaginated, \$7.95.

THESE NUDES ARE GOOD NUDES! As compared with Crawford Barton's "Beautiful Men" (DRUMMER, No. 12), George M. Hester's "The Classic Nude," at half the price and nearly half again the length, is designed to please the consumer as well as the creator. The antithesis of Crawford's self-serving exercise in ego, Hester's sensuous compendium of nudes — males, females (both virginal and *encoignés*), and children — is of an engorging richness rarely seen in this over-plowed field. Even if those occasional female models don't turn you on, the artistry of Hester's work will (Don't be misled by that cover photo. The emphasis, inside, is definitely male-oriented.)

And all those naked male bodies are infinitely more than worth the price of submission. There is not a one whose boots you wouldn't welcome at the foot or the head of your bed. Unfortunately nameless (although you will recognize fist-fucked Cal Culver, among others), each one effortlessly epitomizes the *ne plus ultra* of his type: dancer, athlete, young father, lover, friend.

Eschewing gimmicky props and intrusive environments, George Hester shoots all his models against a challenging black no-seam paper. His short but informative text modestly tells us that "an f/11 opening at 1/60 second, using 1000 watt-seconds from the strobe" was used for all photographs. "By limiting myself this way," he quietly acknowledges, "I was free to concentrate on the subject." What a pleasant contrast to Crawford Barton, whose primary concentration in "Beautiful Men" is on himself as photographer!

The key to Hester's unqualified success is in his approach: "I could have used fast film," he writes (having opted for Panatomic-X), "(but) I chose not to. I had no need for it, having decided against all affectations of pose or lighting, and against all props and artifices that might require such film speed." His goal, brilliantly achieved, was "to eliminate

many extraneous and distracting elements and . . . to concentrate on the essential, universal qualities of the figure."

These figures he "concentrates on" are well worth that kind of singular attention. Short-haired or long-haired, hirsute or clean, cut or uncut, frontal or rear, white or black, relaxed or tensed, single or *en masse*: each and every whole some hunk is a visual feast for the passing fancy of a fasting pansy. Unconsciously conscious of the camera, each guy Hester focuses on seems to be at the peak of a kind of understated sexuality.

George Hester is alert to his artistic heritage. He justifiably cites the ancient Egyptians, classic Greeks, Michelangelo, Rubens, Botticelli, El Greco, the Flemish and Dutch masters, as well as erotic Hindu art as his antecedents. The proper portion of each is provocatively exposed on every page of this invaluable volume. Although primarily in black and white, there are a few stunning full color shots which, again to quote the articulate photographer, "heighten excitement, enrich visual sensation, and transform the very nature of the subject."

From solo studs to paired wrestlers and on to massed dance groups, these pictures bring the viewer into the scene. Hester addresses his audience thusly: "You yourself are at work, collaborating in the creation of these pictures." Suffice to say it is a collaboration devoutly to be desired.



PORTRAIT OF DeSADE by Walter Lennig. Tr. Sarah Twobig. Herder and Herder, 232 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10016. Hardbound, 174 pages. \$6.95.

The Marquis Donatien Alphonse Francois de Sade, considered during his lifetime to be "the most dissolute libertine of his era," was the first man in history to describe the wild, demonic aspects of sex. His thesis was that "man, under the influence of his natural instincts, is a wild, cruel beast: pain, suffering and humiliation paradoxically provide the satisfaction of a natural force." The distinction drawn later between sadism and masochism was quite superfluous. He considered himself, in fact, to be at times both.

Such are the conclusions of Walter Lennig in his brief but brilliant *Portrait of de Sade*, "originally translated from the original German by Sarah Twobig and now, finally, published in English by Herder and Herder. Its 174 pages include "Reflections" on de Sade by such literary lights as Flaubert, Swinburne, Camus, and

de Beauvoir, as well as an invaluable Chronology and a selected Bibliography.

Interestingly, the life of the Marquis is considerably less monstrous than one would imagine. He emerged from the womb in Paris on June 2, 1740, to a family which can be traced back to the early fourteenth century. "Born in Paris in the lap of luxury and wealth," de Sade wrote in "Aline et Valcour," "as soon as I could think, I assumed that nature and fate had united to shower me with their gifts . . . and this conceit made me arrogant, despotic, and hot-tempered. I thought that everything should submit to me, that everyone should obey the whims which I alone was allowed to have and satisfy."

At the age of four he was left in the care of his grandmother Louise Aldorise who, together with four or five aunts, completely spoiled the "pretty child" and allowed him to get away with every "prank." As de Sade himself reflected later: "I was sent to my grandmother in the Languedoc, whose blind tenderness nurtured every weakness in me."

But the familiar facts of his haunted life — the Arcueil scandal, the love affair with Anne-Prospere, the death sentence at Aix, his transfer to the Bastille and escape from the guillotine, then the Charenton — those familiar facts, although meticulously set forth by Lennig, are not the real meat of his remarkable "Portrait."

Touted by its publisher as "the only work to rely extensively on de Sade's own writings — his novels, correspondence, and diaries — to reveal the real man behind the myth," Lennig's book traces the literary as well as the personal career of its subject. He describes in detail de Sade's psychological evolution into the man who gave sadism its name. It is the only work now available to give a completely rounded portrait of "the man who helped shape modern literature and more."

Lennig's insightful conclusions are concise and illuminating. "In all his works," the biographer finds, "he tried to prove that even an extremely immoral person, as all the world held him to be, could under a different code (drummer?) become the representative of a moral system based not on any hypothetical laws, but on the true nature of man . . .

(de Sade) touched on a legal dilemma far in advance of his time which remains unsolved today, whether the law can be based on a morality which is itself not firmly founded and still less can be proved. His self-acknowledged evil . . . was a demand for life, freedom, and justice.

"He brings the tidings of the flesh as an emancipation from an anti-natural code of morality, above all in the combination of lust and cruelty to which his name has been attached ever since." The Marquis formulated this superbly: "There is nothing greater or more beautiful than sex, and no salvation without it."

Nothing more remains for the reviewer to add except a fervent hope that this indispensable book receive the widest readership possible.

— E.F.

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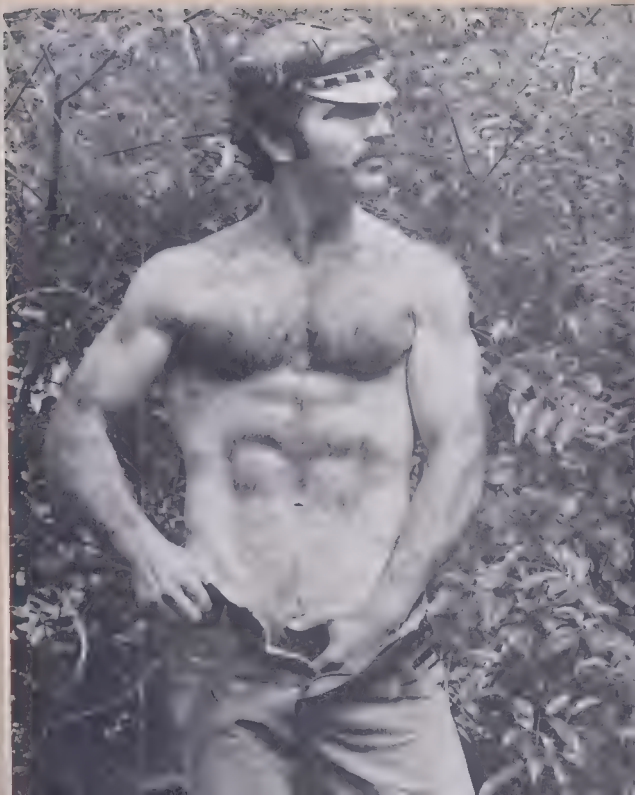


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DRUM BEATS

FROM OUR ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT

The young golfer was having trouble with his drive. Every time he finally hit the ball, it would slice into the woods. Finally, after a dozen or so unsuccessful attempts, the club Pro walked up to tell him he should grab his club differently.

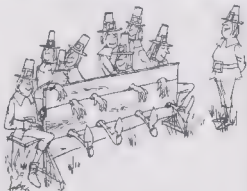
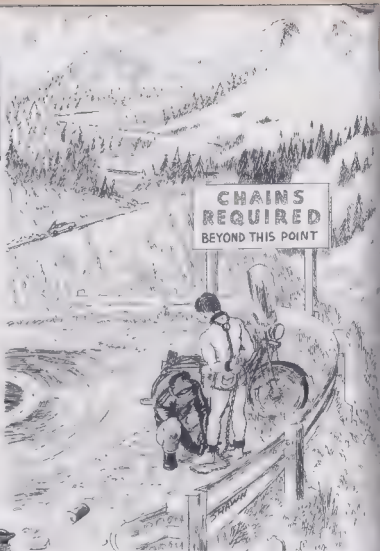
Eying the fellow's ample basket, the Pro suggested, "Just hold the club the way you do your cock when it's hard, buddy. Pretend you're playing with yourself."

At this point our hero was ready to try anything. And sure enough, his next drive went like a bullet straight down the green for 125 yards.

The Pro was amazed. "Great drive, man. Now take the club out of your mouth and let's try for distance."



"We'll have him up and on his knees in no time."



"I hear it was quite an orgy."



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how can you have a homosexual relation with them.

JOEY

DOC

Yes, how?

We get a hotel room, we take off our clothes, we hit the sack and

DOC

Joseph, you know that's not what I meant.

JOEY

Doc, almost every guy I've ever met will mess a has to be the right time and the right place. For been drinking, Doc.

DOC

JOEY

It would?

DOC

Joseph, you know what I mean, for been drinking.

DOC

JOEY

Hmmm . . . ah . . . I do have to make a report to Captain . . . I'm under orders. I mean, I saw two things. When . . . there was a homosexual and also your mental condition. Undesirable.

JOEY

Sort of?

DOC

If you can convince me you're a homosexual, there's a good chance you may receive a medical discharge.

JOEY

Captain Daily says that no matter what I get an Undesirable.

DOC

Joe, the vast majority of Undesirables have been given to . . .

I've never been caught in the act.

DOC

Joe, I've never been caught in the act. I've never been caught in the act.

DOC

JOEY

homosexual act with any of the personnel from the U.S.S. Swanton while you were on liberty?

JOEY

No sir.

DOC

Now that I have that on the record let's talk about your homosexuality before you joined the Navy.

JOEY

Doc,

DOC

Were you a homosexual before you joined the Navy?

JOEY

Sure.

DOC

Do you remember it?

JOEY

See . . . I was in Pittsburgh & met this guy . . . he was grown up . . . I was seeing papers and he bought one . . . we were in the park and we

DOC

Felatio? Sodomy?

JOEY

I knew what sodomy is but the other word . . . felt . . .

what?

DOC

Felatio

An, Doc, does that mean doin' the only other thing there is to do?

DOC

Ah . . . when a person puts his mouth on the penis of . . . another

is a prick, right? (DOC nods) Well, this guy felt me

was doing it to everybody else

Did he convince you?

JOEY

To be honest about it it didn't take much convincing, Doc.

DOC

Joe, I'm not going to let you off that easily.

DOC

Joe, I'm not going to let you off that easily.

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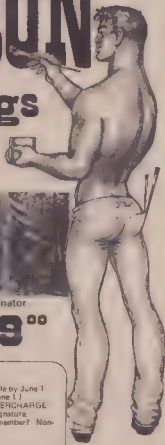
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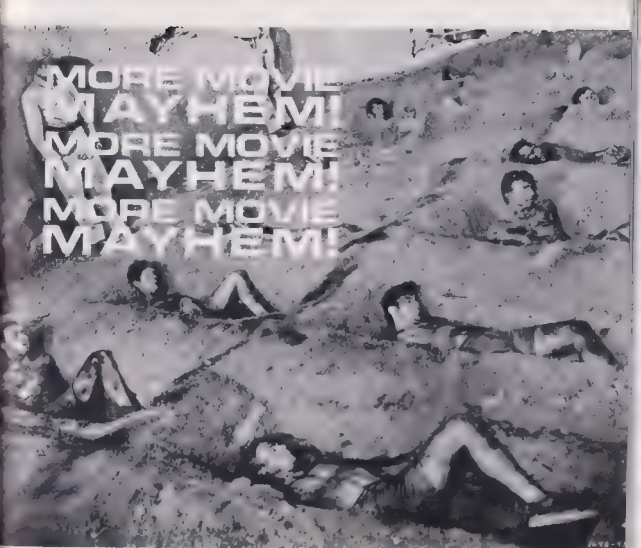
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ALLEN EAGLES

Since movies tend to reflect the realities of life, it's not surprising that most instances of screen torture occur in those historical situations where torture once actually flourished. Thus, movies set in Biblical times can accurately portray the brutality of that era by showing cruel taskmasters flogging the sweaty backs of half-naked slaves, while movies dealing with the Middle Ages can legitimately include scenes of bare-chested knights being stretched into submission on the racks of some castle dungeon.

Movies set in the twentieth century, of course, don't have this easy access to torture situations. After all, public whippings and brandings have all but disappeared from our daily lives, and tourists now wander through those underground chambers which, in times past, echoed with the screams of agonized victims.

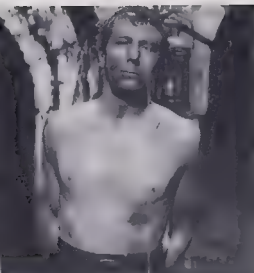
However, while the twentieth century may pride itself on a level of civilization which precludes such horrors as the spectacles of the Roman Colosseum or the Inquisitions of medieval Spain, it has certainly not been able to eliminate the use of

torture. At best, this century has been partially successful in restricting torture to a few situations in which, because of circumstances, its use can be excused on the grounds of "necessity" or "inevitability."

One of these circumstances is war—a state of affairs the twentieth century has, regrettably, not yet seen fit to suppress. Since war quickly loosens all restraints and inhibitions, the most savage forms of torture may be employed on captured members of the enemy, and since such brutal methods can be attributed to the cost of final victory, tales of these battlefield atrocities may be accepted with a shrug of the shoulders and a muttered, "C'est la guerre."

Before examining the movies' depiction of twentieth-century war tortures, however, mention should be made of two military discipline scenes from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—scenes which demonstrate how the cruelties of modern warfare may have been shaped in some small measure by the harsh treatment once accorded soldiers by their own superiors.

American GI's wallow for days in their own graves in 1954's *Prisoner of War*. Steve Forrest of later S.W.A.T. fame appears at upper right.

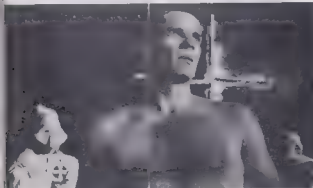


Michael Redgrave, father of Lynn and Vanessa, shows the bloody after-effects of a beating in a 1948 British drama titled *The Smugglers*.



A massage table turned torture rack stretches Sean Connery's body (though not his talent) in the 1965 James Bond adventure, *Thunderball*.

A Ku Klux Klan rally in *The Cardinal* (1963) proves that priests can be de-shaved as well as de-frocked. Tom Tryon plays the virile cleric.



In the recent *Barry Lyndon*, for example, Ryan O'Neal finds himself in the Prussian army of the late 1700's, helping to discipline one of his fellow soldiers. O'Neal walks in front of this unfortunate comrade, carrying a bayonet over his shoulder so that its sharpened tip points at the man's bare chest. Thus impeded, the man must slowly walk between two rows of officers, each of whom is armed with a long, limber switch. As the soldier passes by then, his wrists bound together in front of him, the officers take turns enthusiastically lashing him across the back. Although the handsome young soldier makes no outcry during this punishment, he winces in obvious pain each time one of the switches slices its way into the fair skin of his unprotected torso.

Judging from a scene in *The Charge of the Light Brigade* (1968), British soldiers of the mid-1800's also suffered pain and humiliation whenever they broke their superiors' regulations. In this scene, Roy Pattison, (playing a commoner who's worked himself up to the rank of sergeant-major), receives two dozen lashes for being found drunk on duty. After stripping off his white undershirt, the wiry, hairy-chested Pattison walks up to the tripod-shaped whipping post which has been erected inside a large cavalry stable. Several soldiers bind his outstretched wrists to a horizontal pole fastened to this upright contraption, while another soldier thrusts a piece of leather between his teeth.

The sergeant-major's assembled comrades watch with a mixture of pity and revulsion as the flogger steps a few paces away from his victim and then crashes a shiny black whip across the soldier's bare back. The sergeant-major clenches his teeth against the leather gag and balls his bound hands into white-knuckled fists as the whip continues to cut repeated furrows in his flesh. Soon his back drips with a curtain of blood.

At the conclusion of the punishment — which has been carried out in complete silence except for the cracking of the whip and the muffled groans of the victim as the lash thuds into his body — the sergeant-major's cut down from the three-legged stand. He collapses to the floor, semi-conscious, but a bucket of cold water sloshed over his raw back quickly revives him. As he's led away by comrades, he expresses the hope of once again working himself up to the rank he's recently lost because of his drunkenness. Ironically, he became drunk when he learned his lowly birth would prevent his further advancement in the class-conscious army of Queen Victoria's day.

While both these scenes are intended to arouse sympathy for their victims, (particularly the scene from *The Charge of the Light Brigade*), they might also be interpreted as filmmakers' attempts to partially explain the violence directed against the enemy in times of war. A soldier who's been brutalized by his own superiors, the theory goes, will feel little compunction about torturing his captives on the field of battle.

Perhaps World War I was the last of the "gentlemanly" wars, or perhaps the movies of that era were reluctant to show soldiers under torture, or perhaps films including such scenes have mostly been lost to modern movie-goers. In any case, all histories of modern war tortures on the screen will probably seem short on material from what was once called "the Great War."

(An exception to this scarcity occurs in *Lawrence of Arabia* which, despite its unusual locale, must be classed as a World War I movie. In this 1962 epic, leading man Peter O'Toole falls into the hands of a homosexual Turkish officer who mistakes the disguised Lawrence as a blue-eyed Arab fit for little more than service as a temporary bed partner. When Lawrence resists his advances, the Turkish officer — played by Jose Ferrer — orders his men to properly chastise this ungrateful "guest." The soldiers eagerly stretch the bare-chested Lawrence face down along the top of a wooden bench. One of them sitting astride the bench takes hold of Lawrence's wrists, a sadistic leer on his face. As a Turkish soldier beats the victim across his back with a stout switch deliberately split open at one end in order to inflict more pain, the rebuffed officer stands in the doorway of his room, watching the punishment from a discreet distance. Unfortunately, O'Toole's pale, almost emaciated physique detracts considerably from the visual impact of this scene.)

World War II movies, on the other hand, present a wealth of torture material, and since films about World War II — unlike those concerning World War I — are still being produced

with some frequency, this wealth grows richer with the passing years.

The bulk of filmdom's atrocity sequences from World War II make use of Nazi rather than Japanese villains. In 1942's *Berlin Correspondent*, for example, the Gestapo tries to torture information out of a college professor who's held captive in one of their underground intern and only glimpsed briefly through an open doorway, this scene rates only passing attention, but the muscular guards standing on each side of the seated victim prove that torture episodes don't need virile sufferers and bizarre punishments to achieve success. For fans of film sadism, *Berlin Correspondent* is worth seeing simply for the image of those two guards in jodhpurs and Nazi caps, their bare chests gleaming with an aura of hard-earned sweat.

Also in 1942, Gestapo agents trap the handsome hero of *Spy Smasher*, a twelve-part serial aimed at Saturday matinee audiences and starring Kare Richmond. After a brief and futile questioning session, the Nazis decide to torture their prisoner into revealing his military secrets. They strip him to the waist and spreadeagle him with his back against the stone wall of their soundproof dungeon. Then one of the Gestapo agents begins to whip Richmond across his naked chest. Richmond proves his bravery by bawling with the Nazi lashes, but he slips into gallant unconsciousness after less than thirty seconds of suffering — thus demonstrating the movies' often naive estimation of human endurance.

Although this scene is cut disappointingly short, however, it does offer several satisfying shots of Richmond's well-proportioned physique, and it does provide some evidence that chest-whipping can be even more erotic than back-whipping. If only the make-up men could have added some bloody gashes to Richmond's skin! Those faint lines which timidly appear on his hairless chest during the course of the flogging simply don't register well in black-and-white photography.

Torture takes a more realistic turn in Roberto Rossellini's *Open City* when, in the last days of their Italian campaign, the Germans try to wring information from a captured Italian partisan. First the audience is shown the shirtless victim tied to a chair inside the interrogation room. Then they're shown a frightening array of instruments neatly laid out on a table next to him: drills, pincers, needles, prongs, knives, etc. — anything that might be used to cut or crush the Italian's skin. Later in the film there's a shot of the victim's bruised and bloodied face, and while no actual punishment has been presented, the effect on an audience is considerable. Color, of course, would have enhanced certain aspects of this sequence, but when Rossellini created his neo-realistic classic in 1946, black-and-white photography still dominated each one of the world's film industries.

In *General della Rovere*, Vittorio de Sica — one of Rossellini's talented countrymen — offers another sequence in which torture is implied rather than shown. Italian prisoners within a Nazi jail north of Rome are led away in this sequence by burly guards whose task is to beat information out of their victims. When the guards haul the prisoners back to their cells hours later, the crippling effects of the beatings can be seen even if the actual torture remains out of view.

Technical sophistication replaces brute force in *The Guns of Navarone* (1961). The Nazis, desperate to learn the plans of a sabotage team, subject a captured member of this team to electric shocks administered to him while he's strapped firmly in a chair. The bare chest of the victim (Anthony Quayle) glistens with sweat in this brief but worthy image of screen sadism.

The Nazis also use electric shocks on a Norwegian freedom-fighter played by George Chakiris in *633 Squadron* (1964). Like Anthony Quayle in *The Guns of Navarone*, Chakiris possesses knowledge of a planned sabotage raid against the Nazis, and like Quayle, he's freed from his agony when a bomb strikes the room where he's being tortured.

Although this sequence from *633 Squadron* begins with a female Nazi pointing her guards toward the prisoner and saying — "Strip him!" — Chakiris is fully clothed in a white coverall-outfit when the camera catches a glimpse of him lying on a table with some sort of metal cap wired to his head. (Until recently, the movies have been deliberately vague about the technical procedures involved in subjecting a man to electric shocks.)

Massacre in Rome (1973) and *Love and Anarchy* (1974)



Two Korean guards try to turn an American pilot into an Eskimo pie in 1954's *Prisoner of War*. That's Gene Reynolds under the ice.



A pair of clan members prepare Dick Foren for his flogging in *Black Legion* (1936) — one of the Warner Brothers' "social protest" dramas.

David McBride, playing a P.O.W. in the *Battle of the Sexes*, swallows the pleasure of his four female captors in *The Touchables* (1966).





John Lupton in *Prisoner of War* (1954) is asked if he'd rather confess to waging germ warfare or having his shoulders pulled further out of their sockets

both contain fleeting scenes of Nazi interrogators punching and kicking male prisoners to bloody pulps inside jail cells. (In the latter film, a gunny sack is pulled over the victim's head and upper torso in order to restrict his struggles during the beating — and also, perhaps, to keep his blood from splattering on the Germans' uniforms.) In *Lacombe Lucien* (1974) a French teenager begins to work for the occupying German forces after a local Resistance group rejects his offer to help. While visiting the Germans' headquarters, he hears the muffled groans of a man being "worked over" in an upstairs room. Later he sees two interrogators pushing this man's head back and forth into a tub of water. The man's wrists have been tied together behind his back. Later still, the teenager comes across a fellow Frenchman tied in crucifixion style with his back against a room radiator. The Frenchman urges the boy to help him, but the teenager simply tapes shut the man's mouth and leaves him to suffer greater indignities. In *Amarcord* (1974) Nazis force a troublesome Italian to drink large amounts of castor oil.

Two recent movies feature scenes of male torture inside German concentration camps. The Nazi "heroine" of an utterly ridiculous 1975 movie called *Ilsa, She-Wolf of the SS* displays a propensity for seducing any handsome young inmate she finds inside her labor camp. If the inmate fails to satisfy her lusts, (which seem to be of Wagnerian proportions), Ilsa castrates him with the help of a pair of female assistants. In the encaustation scene which occurs in the first reel of this movie, Ilsa and her two cohorts strap a naked man face-up on an operating table — always taking care to keep themselves or an obstruction of some sort between the camera and the stud's genitals. Then Ilsa takes a knife shaped like a pizza cutter and, ignoring the victim's screams for mercy, takes aim at the man's groin. Audiences anxious to view surgical close-ups, however, must content themselves with shots of a bloody runoff dripping from the edges of the table.

(Casualty on techniques, incidentally, become more explicit in 1976's *Ilsa, Keeper of the Oil Sheikh's Harem* when two Negress fighters literally rip the testicles off an Arab soldier who's fallen during a hand-to-hand battle. This edition of *Ilsa* also includes a scene of a strapping, bare-chested American officer played by Michael Thayer held captive in the sheik's dungeon with a cage of poisonous spiders locked over his head.)

Seven Beauties, the second recent film dealing with World War II concentration camps, shows a male prisoner beaten across his bare buttocks after he drops his pants to the floor and leans down on a table whose top has been folded upward to form a V-shaped trough.



The evil Japanese commander of *The Camp on Blood Island* (1958) uses one of his own soldiers to perfect his already skillful whipping techniques

Meanwhile, back in the Pacific . . . the Japanese try, without notable success, to equal the Nazis in terms of cinematic sadism. In 1944's *The Purple Heart*, for example, they have the crew of a downed American bomber to try their torture techniques on, but the movie in question merely shows the prisoners being led down a hallway to a room where unseen but presumably ghastly torments will be inflicted on them. Although none of the Americans, (including Dana Andrews, Farley Granger, Richard Conte, and Marshall Thompson), catches his grain when the Japanese guards drag him back to his cell, audiences are free to imagine scenes of burning bamboo strips being inserted into penises or specially-designed pliers being clamped down on testicles. Keeping torture off-screen may disappoint the sadistically-minded viewer, but filmmakers can argue with some justification that the loss of visual satisfaction is balanced by the stimulation this technique gives the imagination.

While both *The Bridge on the River Kwai* (1957) and *King Rat* (1964) capture some of the grim realities of life in a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp, neither one includes any notable torture episodes. However, *The Camp on Blood Island* (1958) and *The Secret of Blood Island* (1965) both contain instances of a Japanese commander ordering a British POW flogged as an example to his fellow prisoners. Both floggings occur in the middle of the camp compound where the bare-chested victims are bound between two posts joined by an overhead crossbar. Both soldiers are flogged into unconsciousness. Admirers of the male physique, however, will undoubtedly prefer the flogging sequence from the 1958 movie since its victim is younger and better built than the actor in the 1965 sequel.

Although the Korean War never influenced Hollywood to the extent of World Wars I and II, it did produce one of the highlights of screen sadism — a black-and-white B-movie from MGM titled, appropriately enough, *Prisoner of War* (1954). Starring Ronald Reagan, the movie recounts the exploits of an American G.I. who's smuggled into a North Korean prison camp to see if the Communists are indeed torturing and brainwashing our soldiers. Reagan doesn't have to search long or hard for his damning evidence. As he's herded into the prison compound along with his fellow POWs, he sees Korean guards pouring buckets of cold water over a recently-captured American pilot. The pilot, still dressed in his flight suit, leans back against the North Korean equivalent of a hitching post. His arms, cruelly hooked over the high crossbar, are weighed down by a large stone tied to his wrists. Although it's the dead of winter and a myriad of icicles cling to his face and clothing, the pilot refuses to give his tormentors anything more than his name, rank, and serial number.

(MGM's publicity handouts for *Prisoner of War* state that Henry Berman personally interviewed dozens of returning POWs from the Korean War before writing his screenplay. Certainly, most of his torture scenes do have some basis in fact, but few of today's viewers would object if even at a loss of authenticity – the pilot in the above sequence had been stripped to the waist with a shower of icicles sprouting out of his armpits and hanging from his chest hair.)

Later, Reagan sees another pilot (John Lupton) undergoing a similar socket-wrenching torture. The bare-chested Lupton also has his arms hooked backward over a horizontal pole arched weighed down by a heavy stone – but this time the pole isn't stationary. Rather than serving as a crossbar for two vertical posts, it can be lifted off the pair of oldtimers which support its two ends, causing excruciating pain to lance through Lupton's arms and shoulders. After two North Korean guards haul the pole up and down several times, Lupton's groans of agony turn to "confessions" of having waged germ warfare against his peace-loving enemies.

Steve Forrest, who gradually becomes a spokesman for his fellow POWs, suffers a beating at the hands of the North Koreans who take their directions, incidentally, from a comic-opera Russian played by Oscar Homolka. Forrest also endures extreme privation when the camp guards force him and a number of other prisoners to lie in gravelike trenches for several days at a stretch. (Needless to say, the G.I. were forced to dig these trenches at a rate point.) The guards neither feed nor water their prisoners during this period, and since it's hard to imagine them granting the G.I.s "bathroom privileges," one can only assume the Americans soon soil the undershorts which are the only items of clothing allowed them.

In the final torture sequence from *Prisoner of War*, the North Koreans try to wrest war crime confessions from a group of G.I.s including Robert Horton. After days of brutal interrogation, the Communists subject these G.I.s to a form of bondage which the movie ads described as "modern-day crucifixion." Horton and the other prisoners are suspended by their elbows from crossbeams mounted just high enough above the ground to force the weakened men to stand on toptoe. Since they're dressed only in those military undershorts, the prisoners' sweaty, straining torsos offer the cameraman ample opportunities to lace this entire episode with "beefcake" poses.

Finally Horton and the others "sign" their confessions when the Korean guards sticks pens in their hands and cause them to make ink scratches across the bottoms of the already-typed statements. The movie takes pains here and elsewhere to exonerate the POWs of any guilt in collaborating with the enemy on the grounds that all their confessions and acts of co-operation came as a result of body-breaking tortures.

American POWs returning from the Vietnam War also brought with them tales of rampant brutality on the part of their captors, but so far, Hollywood has shown little interest in filming their stories. This state of affairs is especially regrettable in view of the fact that current attitudes permit the use of male nudity on the screen – thus increasing the realism of movie sadism – and implications of sexual arousal on the part of the interrogators are no longer banned. Perhaps Hollywood will someday make a movie set inside a North Vietnamese prison camp where the guards alternately fondle and beat rows of naked American pilots.

War tortures, of course, need not be restricted to officially-declared hostilities. The "war" for civil rights in the American South, for example, resulted in those flogging scenes from *Black Legion* (1936) and *The Cardinal* (1963). The "war" for Argentinian miscegenation led to an African movie, *Sambizanga*, in which the black hero is beaten to death inside a Portuguese prison by guards armed with wooden paddles. The "war" against crime gave Cher Cofano the justification for torturing the villain in *The Abductors* (1972) by tying him nude in her shower and then directing the hot water to squirt directly on his unprotected genitals. Even science-fiction "wars" such as the one fought in *Flash Gordon* (1936) may include such tortures as the bare-chested hero being bombarded with bolts of electricity.

In short, the movies seem to argue that torture will flourish in any and all war situations, and that this torture may assume particularly savage forms because its practitioners will believe their actions are serving a noble end. Students of history will find little to challenge in this thesis.



The North Koreans in *Prisoner of War* (1954) wrest both a scream and a confession from Robert Horton in his pre-Wagon Train days



Buster Crabbe provides plenty of meat for fried loin chops in this electrifying torture scene from *Flash Gordon*, a classic 1936 serial

An exotically-garbed warlord prods Buster Crabbe with a long, pointed weapon in one of the chapters from *Flash Gordon* (1936)



DRUMMER views the Flicks



'MADAME KITTY'

Early on in Tinto Brass's Italian-made *Madam Kitty*, locker room groupings of Hitler's finest young SS studs is ordered to strip so as to test out the sexual competence of some 20-odd *Frauleins* hand-picked to work as informers in a classy 1930's Berlin bordello. The storm troopers obediently comply, lining up at attention stark naked for one of the most intriguing displays of comparative anatomy this critic has seen since platoon short arm inspections in the old Army. The only common denominator is that they are all, authentically, uncut.

There then follows, to the banging of drums and clashing of cymbals, a choreographed orgy in the gymnasium, which is an editing tour de force (by director Brass) of close-ups and long shots as steamingly erotic as anything I have ever seen on the screen, gay or straight, porn or non-porn. Upright, incumbent, posing singly or coupling doubly, those naked bodies comprise what can best be described as a visual manual of sex techniques.

The girls recruited to serve their country in this interesting fashion have more waiting for them than making love to idealized Aryans, however. In addition to being trained for expertise at such standard practices as fellatio and anal coitus, they must take advanced degrees in satisfying sadists, masochists, other ladies, and humpbacked dwarfs. None of which, by the by, is left to the imagination.

All of this fleshly sexual delicatessen, curiously enough, serves to advance the plot. International star Helmut Berger is again cast as a nasty Nazi (remember his melodramatics in *The Damned?*), but this time as a dread SS leader who conceives, Nixon-like, a plan to spy on fellow officers by bugging the beds and heads of selected whores in the well-equipped "house" patronized by Gestapo elite Bisexual "Madam Kitty" (played magnificently, if Dietrichly, by Ingrid Thulin) runs the joint, and is reluctantly privy to the plot.

Leading light among the girls is pouty-tipped newcomer Teresa Ann Savoy, an English actress who has something of the quality of a young Tuesday Weld. Not really much of an actress, she does give great blow-jobs and hand-jobs (cf. Helmut Berger), and is only rarely seen with any clothes on.

The same goes for Bekim Fehmiu, whose starring debut in the ill-fated *The Adventurers*, you may recall, had the most non-memorable impact since one George Lazenby essayed to portray James Bond in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*. Fehmiu is truly an execrable actor, but has a good body (though somewhat underhung) and the hairiest ass to grace the wide screen in close-up since the original *King Kong*. Anyway, he makes the predictable mistake of falling in love with Teresa, baring soul as well as body, and ends up hung on a meat hook.

His is but one of the many male forms totally revealed in this unusual film

(Thulin does a number with four nude "statues" which turn out to be the living kind, but he me completely fooled), including a starkers Helmut Berger as he gets his comeuppance, surrounded by equally nude buddies, in a steam room.

Special mention is due those four fag gots who back Thulin in her intrusive musical moments (i.e., "Slip a Little Versa into Your Vice"), coming into their own as a can-can quartet with absolute y no underdressing whatsoever. Forget the pretentious philosophy ("man belongs to humanity, not any nation, race, or religion") and revel in those great bods, plus superior sets, costumes, and lighting.

All in all, a classy X-rated production, if somewhat murky in intent, and one which DRUMMER readers can definitely groove on [those leather and silver lame outfits Berger wears would make the Cycle Sluts turn chartreuse with envy].

'UP'

Everything about *Up!* is tongue-in-cheek, even the title apparently being producer-director Russ Meyer's arch shorthand for "Get it up!" a physical reaction he anticipates from heterosexual males viewing this latest film's display of female pulchritude. Interestingly enough, gay males may react in the same positive manner, inasmuch as all those busty ladies are matched by lusty gentlemen.

Not that *Up!* is another "Kansas City Trucking Company" or even "Born to Raise Hell," but a movie that opens in a

COCKSURE!

torture chamber, with a Hitler lookalike (Adolph Schwartz) being whipped then sodomized by a hunky S and M type (Robert McLane as "Pau") can't be all bad. Even though the many phalli brandished about are salami-size simulations, the bodies attached to them are most definitely real.

Under Meyer's affectionate directorial hand, the sexual couplings are infinite and varied. In addition to the afore-mentioned sodomitic scene of boy-boy sex, we have sex lycra, sex forced, sex violent, sex on floors, knolls, and cliffs, your standard boy-girl sex, giant-girl sex, black-girl sex, and girl-girl sex. One is tempted to remark that the X rating is shorthand for excess.

In an exercise of this nature, plot is merely a prop. Aha, you conclude, then the emphasis must be on character! Oho, I retort, and evade a direct answer by simply listing some of the names these "characters" must delineate: the "Ethiopian Chef" (female), "Margo Winchester" (get it? No? Look again), "Leonard Box," "Chesty Young Thing," "Greek Chorus" (of one female, Miss Nude America), and "Sweet Lil' Alice." Had enough?

This critic was once (mistakenly) taken to task for failing to consider an author's intention. Let me say that in *Up! Russ Meyer* has one basic idea—to create as many gargantuan fcks as possible. And with Janet Wood, Raven de la Cruz, and Linda D'Arcy (I'm not making this up) among others he has found the ideal vehicles to support his message.

In the key male role, AC DC Paul, topman in the opening sequence, Robert McLane makes a memorable impact. Whether naked as a jaybird or resplendent in Miles Standish-ish threads, McLane registers with all those requisites that could make of him a major sex symbol. And he has the balls, both figuratively and literally, to appeal to all three sexes.

Those familiar with Meyer's productions will have observed an ever-increasing preoccupation with violence. In *Up!* we are treated to such refinements in mayhem as obtain to uses of a gigantic ax, a whirling chain saw, countless elbows to the family jewels, and a large-mouthed piranha slipped into a Jacuzzi occupied by masochistic Adolph A. point is reached at which one can only conclude that gore is a bore.

The promotional campaign for *Up!* invites potential audiences to "Laugh your cheeks off!" Implied, of course, are not the cheeks affected when you smile. But it is meant to be a comedy, and if the humor is at best sophomoric and laid on with the proverbial shovel, it is at least punny enough to provoke a few healthy groans.

There is no message to take home with you, but, while the thrill might be gone, the mammaries linger on.

E.F.



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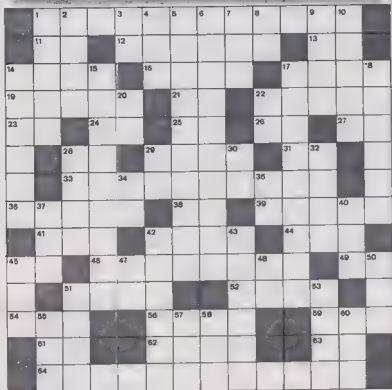
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ORDER FORM

CROSS WORDS



FOR ZONTAL

- 1 Relating to excretion
- 11 Midwestern University
- 12 Not frowns
- 13 Cont
- 14 A n't
- 18 Pleasant perversion
- 17 Black ----
- 19 Fall flower
- 21 Crisco
- 22 Best part of a crotch
- 23 Not your
- 24 Spanish sound of woe
- 25 Part of scale
- 26 Better than 38 across
- 27 A place to put it
- 28 Where it's at
- 29 Br stle
- 31 Lodge
- 33 Eats the tops of sores
- 36 Wraps around
- 38 A top
- 39 Coolers
- 41 A whole lot of No. 27's
- 42 Ejaculate
- 44 Chicago columnist of past
- 46 Say Ah
- 48 Italian trill
- 49 Money order
- 50 Dative of ipse
- 52 Enin
- 54 French money
- 56 Exotic country
- 59 Denuer

- 61 Stay that way
- 62 Mix
- 63 Greek letter
- 64 Do it to your master

VERTICAL

- 1 Nailie
- 2 A sissy boy
- 3 Mr. Elliot
- 4 Chants
- 5 Do it to me right!
- 6 Let me have it!
- 7 Obtain
- 8 Do you think he -- ?
- 9 The back Way
- 10 Slow
- 14 Short and long
- 15 Two for the front
- 17 Rear and booster
- 18 Balis
- 20 Train
- 22 Double gaited
- 28 Saudi Arabic country
- 29 The no good ----
- 30 cd
- 32 monia
- 34 good can be
- 35 Part of N.Y.
- 37 Wow!
- 40 Rev per min
- 42 K Y
- 43 Rear end diversion
- 45 Advert sement (abbr)

- 47 Same as 11 across - plus
- 53 Color of unbleached linen
- 55 Suffix meaning full of
- 57 Atom
- 58 -- long or mode
- 60 Rob --

ANSWERS FOR LAST ISSUE'S PUZZLE

S	S	F	F	A	C	H	A	I	N
U	B	I	P	U	R	A			
C	O	R	N	H	O	L	E	F	B
K	A	D	U	E	S	L			
O	N	T	A	T	T	O	O		
F	E	D	U	P	D	U	S		
F	I	S	S	U	N	F	I		
P	I	E	R	C	E	U	R		
L	O	D	O	A	R	C	A		
A	S	S	F	O	R	E	S	K	I
S	I	L	P	A	S	O			
H	O	R	N	Y	H	I	T	U	S



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DOC

What happened, Joey?

JOEY

Just a few minutes ago I asked you if you wanted the real truth about Lefty. Remember?

DOC

I remember.

JOEY

And you said you wanted me to do what I feel like doing, right?

DOC

That's right, Joey.

JOEY

Well, I'm doing what I feel like doing, Doc.

DOC

I'm glad to hear that, Joseph. Although...

JOEY

Although what, Doc?

DOC

Nothing... nothing. Well, the time has gone by, Captain Daily will be back in a few minutes. I must say I have plenty of material here. I'd like to see you again, Joseph.

JOEY

You would?

DOC

I know I can help you but we need more than one session. I'd like to study the material and maybe we can get together later today... Would you like that?

JOEY

No, no I wouldn't.

DOC

I beg your pardon, Joseph?

JOEY

I said I wouldn't.

DOC

Doesn't it beat standing at attention in front of Captain Daily.

Joseph?

JOEY

How come you're calling me Joseph now?

DOC

Isn't that your name?

JOEY

When things ain't goin' your way, you call me Joseph. How come, Doc?

DOC

Are you trying to psychoanalyze me?

JOEY

No, I'm telling you what I feel. That's all. And... the way you yelled at Du Bois.

DOC

He has nothing to do with this.

JOEY

I really did think you were trying to help me... you fooled me, Doc. Shit, the truth is that you're trying to trap me... to get me to spill the beans on Lefty!

DOC

It's not going to work, Joseph. I will not become angry. Why don't you relax and take a deep breath. You'll feel better in a few minutes. You see, Joseph, right now you are exhibiting the classic masochistic pattern. I'm not going to spank you... either verbally or physically.

JOEY

Fuck you and your big God damned words. You're just...

DOC

Now you're trying to hurt me. Why? Because I'm looking at the situation with an impartial eye...? Because...?

JOEY

You ain't whatever you said that's bullshit... you and your words... that all you are just one big word, Doc, you don't care about people.

DOC

You're trying desperately to get me to hate you. Joseph. To get me to try and hurt you but I'm not going to do it. (CAPTAIN DAILY is now standing in the doorway. They can't see him.)

JOEY

Okay. Maybe a lot of the things you say about me are true... I guess they are... I have fucked up most of my life but I do know one thing and that's this... there's no difference between you and Captain Daily. It's the way you use big words better and that's all.

DOC

(losing his cool) How dare you talk to me like that? You trying to tell me that I am just like... just like...

DAILY

Captain Daily? That's the biggest insult of all, isn't it, Halberstam? What would they say about that at Harvard? (Goes to door. Goes in. Gets the handcuffs in the double. Well, well, Halberstam. You were so sure of yourself... so sure it does seem you did get the pog to talk, didn't you. Now pack up all your little goodies and pogie bait and get the hell out of here. You hear me loud and clear.

DOC

(takes all his things from desk) I hear you.

DAILY

I hear you what, Halberstam!

DOC

I hear you, Captain Daily. (He exits.)

DAILY

(moves to JOEY) There seems to be more to you than meets the eye, Jurovich. I gotta say... well done... well done (They look at each other. End of scene.)

ACT TWO
SCENE THREE

(Captain's office. Captain Daily is at his desk. There is a knock on the door. Quickly he puts out his cig. and puts the ashtray in the drawer.)

DAILY

Door's open.

(J.M. enters. Handkerchief to his mouth. Bent over. Putting on his seasickness very heavy for the Captain's benefit. Moves to desk.)

GUM

Captain Daily.

DAILY

What is it, Yeoman?

GUM

I'd like to put in a request to be relieved of duty for the morning. I haven't slept all night.

DAILY

I don't think anyone has. That storm was a real dilly.

GUM

But, sir, I...

DAILY

Feel better now, Yeoman First Class Gum?

GUM

I'm seasick as hell, sir. I'd like to lie down.

DAILY

Fraid that won't do. You're my right hand man and I need you today of all days. You must know that.

GUM

But sir, I...

DAILY

I don't want to hear about it.

GUM

Aye aye, sir!

(There is a knock on the door.)

DAILY

That must be O'Connor with Jurovich, (as he moves to door). Your sea sickness will be over this afternoon as we will be on the beach. (Captain opens the door). We... we... now are you this morning, Jurovich. (JOEY is in handcuffs. Captain leads him to where he toes the line.)

JOEY

You said my name right, sir!

DAILY

Jurovich, you...

JOEY

You did it again... with an H instead of a K.

DAILY

You'll never learn, will you?

JOEY

Learn what, sir?

DAILY

I see you're full of piss and vinegar. We'll put a stop to that right away. We're going to get right down to it. Dr. Halberstam's report.

JOEY

The one on me, sir?

DAILY

No, the one on the man in the moon. Listen to this. Jurovich.

DU BOIS
Didn't you say they were nuts?

JOEY
Yes, yes, I did,
DU BOIS

They're the ones who are nuts . . . like you said, Daddy-O. Listen to ole Du Bois, Joey. When you get to St. Albans the psychiatrists are gonna figure out right away that you're not nuts, cause you're not!

JOEY
But being with all those murderers and . . .

DU BOIS
Those murderers? What the hell is this ship, pops? It is dedicated to the proposition of killing people. And shit. I've been around a lot of murderers, they're not any worse than anybody else . . . maybe better in some ways.

JOEY
I guess anything is better than this.

DU BOIS
You can bet your white ass on that, Jack! (pause) Joey, I feel like a proud Papa.

JOEY

You do?
DU BOIS
You beat 'em, Joey? You beat 'em,
JOEY

I did?

DU BOIS

Yes you did.

JOEY

(pause) I guess I did, huh? But . . . but I couldn't do it without you.

DU BOIS

Nobody can do nothin' alone, baby.

JOEY

I wish . . . (he stands up and moves downstage. Turns and looks at DU BOIS) wish I could put my arms around you

You do?

JOEY

Yes, I do.

DU BOIS

(looks through the drawer) If I can find the fuckin' keys to those handcuffs, (he can't find them. He stands up) How 'bout the next best thing?
(He moves to JOEY. He ruffles his hair and then he takes him in his arms. They are very close. The lights change colors and we hear)

There'll be blue birds over

The white cliffs of Dover

Tomorrow . . . just you wait and see

There'll be love and laughter

And peace ever after

Tomorrow when the world is free . . .

THE LIGHTS SLOWLY DIM END

THE AUTHOR GEORGE BIRIMISA

George Birimisa is listed in the current (the 38th) edition of *Who's Who in America*. His first produced play "Dresses" opened at Theatre Genesis, New York City, in 1966. "Daddy Violet" played the famed Caffe Cino for 28 performances before it went on a national tour of colleges in the United States and Canada. Selected as the best play at the Contemporary Festival of the Arts at the University of British Columbia, and published in their quarterly Prism International, it ended its tour by opening in an Equity production at the Committee Theatre in San Francisco. It also was performed at Actors' Studio in New York City.

In 1968 Birimisa received a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation to attend rehearsals in London for his "Mr. Joey." It opened at the International Theatre Club and also played in Brighton, England, and at the Travers Theatre in Edinburgh, Scotland. In 1974 Birimisa

expanded the play and with the addition of songs it opened at La Mama in New York City.

"Georgie Porgie" opened at Eugenia's Cooper Square Arts Theatre in November of 1968. Receiving critical acclaim in the Village Voice (Ross Wetzsteon) it appeared in Michael Smith's anthology MORE PLAYS FROM OFF OFF BROADWAY. It was selected by Burns-Mantle as one of the best Off Off Broadway plays of the year. "Georgie Porgie" opened Off Broadway at the Village arena in 1971. It ran 110 performances. Tennessee Williams said, "A beautiful, courageous play. I loved it. I wish I had Birimisa's courage."

Michael Smith comments on George Birimisa's plays in the reference book CONTEMPORARY DRAMATISTS.

"His major themes are the pain of human isolation and its economic and social roots. He is a fierce moral writer, his plays are filled with compassionate rage against the needless suffering, tedious impatience with the human condition desperately frustrated

idealism . . . Birimisa's presentation of his variously stupid, contemptible, pitiful, self-despising characters, all imprisoned in their own compulsions, is powerful and painful . . . the events shocking . . . his work makes up in self-examining integrity and emotional intensity what it lacks of seductiveness and beauty."

Birimisa moved to Los Angeles in March of 1976. A DRESS MADE OF DIAMONDS opened at the Matrix Theater on April 8, 1976. It was directed by Ann Bowen. It closed on May 10th. On September 30th, POGGY BAIT opened at ONE FLIGHT UP. It was directed by the author and ran for six weeks and then moved to the Las Palmas Theater in Hollywood. As of February 15th, 1977, it is in its fifth month. At the moment, Birimisa is working on the third play on the life of Joey Jurovich. He expects to write six plays on Joey, spanning the years from 1924 to the present.

Birimisa is also a former member of the Playwrights Unit of Actors Studio in New York City.

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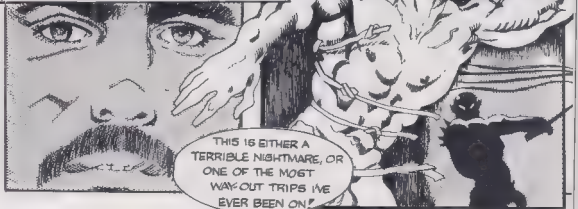
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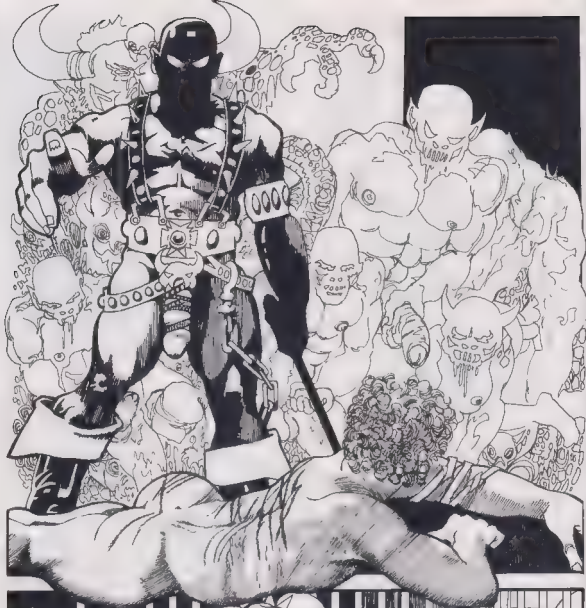
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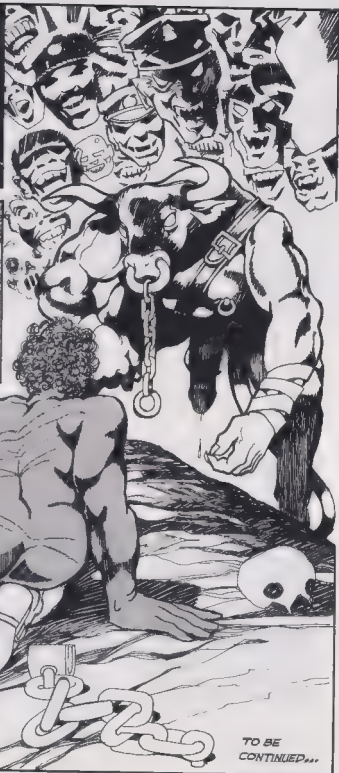
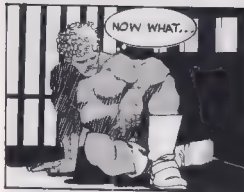
DRUM



AFTER BEING INVOLVED IN A FIGHT IN A STRANGE LEATHER BAR, DRUM FELT A BLOW TO HIS HEAD AND THEN A SENSATION OF FALLING... OF BEING FERRIED ACROSS BLACK WATER, UNABLE TO TELL IF HE WAS AWAKE OR DREAMING, HE GAZED ABOUT IN ASTONISHMENT...







FETISH FETISH FETISH FETISH FETIS



Boots Shoes

AN INTERVIEW WITH
ARNELL LARSEN

"We must not lose sight of the fact that the Club was started to further an interest in male footwear, not primarily for sex. True, many meetings have led to sex, and I best explain that by telling a little about me.

"Very often I can be found cleaning or polishing one of my pairs of boots. I don't have many, but each pair is very special to me. I got out the saddle soap and the boot grease and the polish and all the time I'm handling that leather I'm hot. The boots do it. My own boots.

"That's what the Club is all about. It's not a lonely hearts club or a match ing agency

"Boots turn me on. That's why I'm in the Club. Even in a store window boots turn me on. Sometimes they're on a groovy guy, and that may lead to sex. But many times they're on a hot-as-groovy guy who becomes groovy to me because of the boots he's wearing. I can't go by a boot shop window, used or new, without getting excited. A boot ad in a magazine will stop me cold. So I'm in the Club to be with guys who feel the same way. If it sometimes leads to sex, fine. But that's not why I go. I go to increase my knowledge of the subject and to enjoy the company of others who dig boots.

"Members have come and gone and so many of them have felt that if a particular meeting doesn't end in an orgy, it's a failure. That's not so, and it's that kind of idea that keeps getting us into

trouble. If some guys make it because they dig each other's boots, great. But (the boots) should be the prime stimulation at the meetings. If something else grows after, fine. But we're a group because of the boots, first and foremost."

Those words are from an anonymous member of what has been the only organization formed exclusively for the purpose of introducing men everywhere to others whose sexual release centered on masculine shoes and boots. Socks, bare feet, uniforms, bodies and personality all rated distant seconds, opinions varying member to member. But all agreed on Boots and Shoes, and the Club was so named. DRUMMER wanted to find out about this particular fetish, and our plan in issue No. 11 was answered by the founder and long-time Commander of



"My only fear was the unknown quantity of weirdos who might answer. I wrote the ad and sent it to the Free Press. I mailed it that night, and my friend drove off. That was the end of his help. God, I never thought I'd be able to smile at that. Even so, I'm glad I went ahead with it."

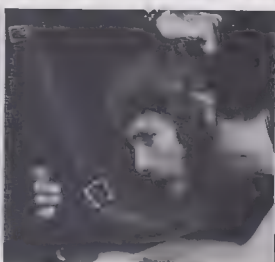


"Apart from being a plaything for the boots of the policemen and council members, any regularly initiated and jackbooted Club member will . . . have the right to give the new recruit the jackboot discipline."



"The purpose of the club is to get guys of like mind together in an atmosphere of brotherhood and openness. . . . There's such a terrible price paid by so many people because they can't share their desires with people who understand."

SH FETISH FETISH FETISH FETISH FE



the "defunct" club. We were contacted by Arnell Larsen, the Western artist known to friends as "Arne," the news he brought was as exciting as the background information that we were in need of: Arne has laid the groundwork for re-activation of the Boot and Shoe Club. Much was learned from the first Club which lasted several years, and now he feels is the right time to go with a new cadre.

DRUMMER: Let's establish, first, the scope of your Club. If I were to answer your ad in a convincing manner, what response could I expect?

ARNE: We would send a form letter explaining the details of the proposed Club. Let's make it clear, though, right from this moment, that the Club is a POSSIBILITY. It is very dependant on the number of sincere replies and active commitment of those whose interests are genuine. Before, a small group of us had to carry the load for a great many people. It was calling for an unreasonable amount of time and energy, and we simply weren't willing to continue. We are not in it for profit. We love boots and are offering an opportunity for those who feel the same to get out of the closet and into someone else's.

DRUMMER: I notice you said "boots." Where does the "shoes" part come in?

ARNE: We're actually referring to any type of masculine footwear made of leather. There are many interested in rubber, and this is a good time to tell you that the concept of this group revolves around masculine footwear made of leather. That's a very important element.

DRUMMER: What will happen to the replies you receive if no Club materializes?

ARNE: Since we're not asking for any monies at this point, there should be no

loss other than that of opportunity. But that's a biggie, since many into footwear are embarrassed or isolated from the mainstream of sexual activity by inhibited fantasies or geography. Even if a Club does not emerge, I'm hopeful that some introductions and information can be made available to serious applicants. The only reason I'm dodging full commitment is — I'm not yet aware of how many serious replies there will be, and of them, how many will qualify to join and actively participate.

DRUMMER: How will you know if they qualify?

ARNE: Whenever possible, by a personal interview. It's the only sure way. Either by me or someone I designate in their area, but obviously some will want to join who can only be interrogated by mail. They will be sent an information sheet and then asked to answer some very specific questions. Their interest will become apparent; their commitment will not until they are able to guest at a meeting or contribute to our informative newsletter.

DRUMMER: This is to be more than just a local group, then?

ARNE: Obviously those who respond from great distances will not be able to fully participate in meetings and weekend trips, but as "corresponding members" they should receive regular newsletters with news of the meetings, stories and articles contributed by members, free ad space, and much information concerning leather footwear. In the old Club we had a lending library of color slides taken at the meetings and an assortment of footwear that could be sent for and used, then returned in the condition specified by the lender. There were some members who would send for a pair of dirty boots which they would tongue clean — talk about your spit polish!

DRUMMER: That sounds like a wild group you had! What became of it?

ARNE: Well, I suppose no one would have guessed we'd have made it as far as we did. Really, when I ran that first ad in the Free Press in 1968, it was as much a joke as anything else. Nothing elegant about the ad, mind you, just a simple "Men's Boot & Shoe Discipline Club Now Forming . . ." But the response was tremendous. I was getting ten to fifteen letters a day after a very short while just off that one ad. Then it was boosted by word-of-mouth replies, the letters starting, "A friend of mine tells me . . ." I was buried in a mountain of applications before I had even gotten a copy of the Free Press!



by FRANK EDWARDS

I went ahead with it. We became a worldwide Club with 97 active members (19 local — the rest in Greenland, Canada, Germany, Japan, South Africa, to name a few). But I would never do it again on the same basis. I'm not a really brave soul at all, and if I had had ANY idea of the things in store for me, I would have crapped my pants! Sometimes I just sat and cried because the tension got so great and there weren't enough hours in the day to do everything: There were interviews to go on — alone and unprotected!

And the replies were everything from hot and genuine, informative or sarcastic and even nightmarish threats. It was a bad period for my painting. My hands shook terribly and I took pills and drank I don't need all that again. It amazes me that I answered all deserving inquiries alone, and also went on all scheduled interviews in this area and still managed to stay alive to tell the tale!

DRUMMER: *Attending those interviews alone sounds like a death wish. You must have been naive indeed.*

ARNE: Some would say "nerve" but "naive" sounds much nicer! It didn't take long to see just how fucked up and cruel the Gay World can be.

DRUMMER: *In my interviews I've seen first-hand that, despite the extreme fetish of the poran involved, he almost always has a low tolerance for — not just other fetishes, but variations made on his own. That must have been an awesome obstacle in organizing your Club.*

ARNE: I always tried to approach each man and his dreams with open consideration. The major problem I ran into was the damn wording of my ad! That unpretentious little word "discipline" caused a lot of trouble. Believe me, it won't appear in any future calls to my fellows! Naturally, the very first interview was my first inkling of my mistake. He was a tall, grey haired, distinguished, gravelly-voiced Sadist. Yep. There he stood, with a whip about his waist in place of a belt. He had, let's say, extremely "militant" ideas about the Club. He had drawn up 8 pages of single spaced, typed guidelines for the formation of a jack-boot discipline club. He did come to some of the first meetings, but was unhappy that we did not choose to follow his interests in S&M. The most interesting thing was his boots. The heels were run down and the leather cracked for wanting polishing oil. We could never decide if the scars on them were little gifts of love from conquests (teethmarks?) or just improper boot care. I must show you, though, his suggestion for initiation!

The initiation of each member was last during 7 meetings of the Club, during which time he will become exclusive property of the Club's policemen as well as the members of the council. He will be called a boot-dog, a boot-slave, or boot-boy. In the Club Room, during his initiation period, he will not be allowed to sit or stand, but will be compelled to walk on hands and knees, crawl on his stomach, cringe and grovel under the policemen's jackboots. During his initiation period he should not be allowed to wear his breeches and boots, but be dressed in old, faded, torn levis. A dog collar should always be fastened about his

neck and he should be held on a leather leash at all times by a policeman. He will be made at all times during this initiation period to grovel under the policeman's boots, caress, lick and kiss his Masters' jackboots all the time, be made to kneel in front of them so that they can use his shoulders as a foot-stool to rest their booted feet on. He will be kicked, pushed, kneaded, trampled under the boots of the policemen (his Masters) and that methodically, systematically and with deliberate thoroughness and sadistic delight.

"Apart from being a plaything for the boots of the policemen and council members any regularly initiated and accepted Club member will, with the Club's police permission, have the right to give the new recruit the jackboot discipline."

"The policemen will amuse themselves in ordering the new recruits to take their Masters' riding boots off for them and then breathe into the damp leather boot as long as the policeman wills it. They will compel their slaves to chew their socked feet and taste fully the perspiration from their feet. They will then soak their sweat impregnated woolen socks in water and force their jacks to suck water from the socks as from a sponge. Any member's riding boots can be used as a drinking cup for the recruit to drink water from, but first the recruit will be compelled to grovel on the floor under surrounding jackbooted feet and humbly beg for water."

"Policemen will use new recruits as riding horses, stools to sit on and foot-stools for their booted feet. They will take sadistic delight in squeezing the recruits' faces between their jackbooted feet, pressing their boot heels on the back of their necks, etc. etc. . . . They will drag them by the hair around the room. It will be a task of members undergoing jackboot discipline to polish the policemen's boots and council members' boots until they gleam and sparkle."

DRUMMER: *Was that your Club initiation?*

ARNE: No. But without it being an official requirement, many of our members found themselves undergoing more than one element of that process at various meetings.

DRUMMER: *Will the new Club include bootplay as a regular period in its meetings?*

ARNE: Without it being requisite, I would hope that those who join and participate will find the other members enjoyable and comfortable. The purpose of the club is to get guys of like mind together in an atmosphere of brotherhood and openness. It seems likely that with such orientation, some boot-en-counter at a meeting will occur. If nothing else, we might all cum on a pair of boots and send them to a brother who is stranded somewhere like Iowa or Tennessee. But I can't stress enough the fact that a great many men with the footwear interest are not into everyone getting down and disrobing and "progressing" to fucking and sucking. Most of them, rather, depend on the clothes and the boot to complete the maleness of their partner — despite his having big cock and hairy ass and great body. I felt bad about one guy we interviewed and accepted. He

DRUMMER: *And you had tackled all this alone?*

ARNE: Not at the very beginning. In November of '67 I had a house in La Crescenta with my studio behind. One afternoon four men interrupted my work, three were friends, and they had brought a stranger over to look at my boot paintings. As they drank beer and listened to music and talked softly to one another about which picture they fancied most, I tried to keep my mind on the work I had on the easel: a lean cowboy with rugged boots. I noticed the strange boy watching over my shoulder, and as I turned to face him he shyly commented "You paint those boots so real." "Do you dig boots?" He answered, "Yeah, more so than shoes." He indicated Roger, Paul, and Stan on the floor, enjoying each other's shoes, undoing the lacing with their teeth and licking the leather heels and soles. I jumped at the hint and went into the house and returned with my engineer's boots on — or was it cowboy? — and then we had a field day! He chewed down on my boots like they were candy. Needless to say, he made a good impression! Mouths were smudged with dirt, polish — but we guzzled beer between breaths and kept our tongues busy. While cleaning up the studio afterwards, this guy innocently remarked: "Y'know, we oughtta have a Club for doing just this sort of thing." That statement intrigued and pleased me, but we all just smiled at it. It had been great, though, and when I had a chance to think it through, two of those guys had wives at home and only visited the studio occasionally. The new man was right: we ought to have a Club just for our scene. There must be a lot of us hiding someplace out there. Shoe-Lickers of the World, Unite! Or, the Boot, Licking League of America. (Something simple) . . . All of them eff except little Roger, so I shared my laugh at the preposterous idea. It wasn't a very convincing laugh, I guess. Roger felt there should be such a Club. Boots and Shoes, Shoes and Boots Club. Boots and Shoes? S and B Club. B.A.S. Club. We agreed between us there and then to run the ad — I would place it and Roger would help me put the Club together. My only fear was the unknown quantity of weirdos who might answer, but Roger hugged me in a parting embrace and told me it would be all right, I'd see. I wrote the ad and sent it to the Free Press: "Men's Boot and Shoe Discipline Club Now Forming. For Info. Write Arne . . ." So I mailed the ad that night, and Roger drove off. AND that was the end of his help! Ha! God, I never thought I'd be able to smile at that! Even so, I'm glad



"THE INITIATION OF EACH MEMBER SHOULD LAST THROUGH SEVEN MEETINGS OF THE CLUB, DURING WHICH TIME HE WILL BECOME EXCLUSIVE PROPERTY OF THE CLUB'S POLICEMEN."

seemed very much turned on to shoes at the time we interviewed him (by this time I had learned to take someone with me on the first interviews!), and his interest in boots was minimal. At the first meeting of the group that he could attend, we found him very much into the strong smell of the inside of a warm shoe which had just been released from a foot, and it was enhanced for him if the wearer had on black silk hose. That was still terrific, but then it became clear that what really grooved him the most was the bare foot itself — the sight, the feel, the smell and the taste — especially if salt was sprinkled on it or honey was poured in it and he was forced to lick it off. Don't misunderstand me — I'm not telling the problem is that the Club is for the shoe and boot worshipper. The other stuff is a bonus to a point, but if it intrudes on the group's purpose, then it doesn't belong at the Club.

DRUMMER: Where do you suppose the fascination with boots begins?

ARNE: I've taken to many, many boot lovers and it always amazes me how different each of the reactions is and yet the same. You know? I remember one member who had shared a room with a buddy in the Air Force, and that fellow offered to trade him his shoes, even to the point of putting them on him as soon as he got out of bed and snuggled his fingers, as well as unlacing them and taking them off him at night. He sure was into high glass black shoes. He made the mistake of telling his sister of his fetish and the man severely ridiculed him for it. There's such a terrible price paid by so many people because they can't share their desires with people who understand. You don't know how many times I heard "My God, I thought I was the only one like this." "You've opened a new opportunity for discovering myself." "I don't feel like a misfit anymore." Then, the tears would flow and I would cry right along with them, knowing the pain inflicted by secrets very human and much more common than we had known. Try picking up an interesting looking and acting trick some night by saying "I want to fuck your boots." Be prepared for a disgusted stare and the kiss-off, but, if you're flexible, maybe you can pretend

to laugh it off as a joke, then take him home and do what he wants, wear him out with the suck-fuck bit, then hop onto his boots and relish 'em, 'cause you sure the fuck earned it!

DRUMMER: Do you see that changing a lot though? There seems to be more and more demand for the specialist nowadays.

ARNE: It's been nine years since I first brought this into the open. Lots has happened since then, so I'm curious to know if it'll be a lot easier and more relaxed this time around. Before, I had no sure way to discover an applicant's interest, but now I have about 4,000 sides and many stories and experiences to test them with. I can pretty much tell the degree of their interest now, where before it was all guesswork.

DRUMMER: How committed to shoes and boots do members have to be?

ARNE: At the meetings and on the trips we take, very committed. I would say devoted. Absolutely riveted by them. However, he doesn't have to live above a shoe store or be always exclusively into footwear! But if he has the taste and interest in the smell, the feel, the look of a man's leathery foot and would like to fully explore that in an environment of masculine men with the same interest, he's a good candidate for membership.

DRUMMER: How do we apply?

ARNE: Along with name, address, age, phone number (if possible), send a letter of explanation with any details that might help us know how we can help. Here is one which I think of as complete; it came in response to the Free Press ad:

My vital statistics are: 44 years of age, black hair graying at the temples, good physique (no pot belly, etc.), 5'10" in height, weight 165 lbs. I am single living with one parent on old family place outside O..... I work in O..... in a professional area and commute each day. I have three horses, a couple of donkeys, and dogs. About four acres around the house is landscaped and this provides me with the privacy to do pretty well what I like, to wear what suits me, etc.

I have two special hang-ups — boots — and uniforms (and some other clothes as well).

I have a pair of the Royal Canadian

Mounted Police boots (as well as the whole uniform which I have assembled piece by piece over several years). I have a pair of black motorcycle boots and a pair of plain high black cowboy boots. I wear these last ones more than the others because I can do so in and out of stores, etc. Because I have horses, I have a certain amount of leeway in this connection.

I have also about 25 pieces of uniform, cap, pants — breeches of several outfits, striped long of several regiments (dress) and a fine pair of black leather long and two pair of brown vinyl long.

Once a week I go into O..... for a few beers with a couple of friends who have pretty much the same tastes. We talk over our various hang-ups and look around for suitable companions to share our pleasures.

I, myself, have been both master and slave, depending on whom I'm with. I am usually master and require complete groveling service from the ground up. I have my slave pay complete homage by lips, tongue and face to each boot, speak out clearly his service sentiments about them. In order to prove his obedience he travels slowly up the leg, usually in a black leather or RCMP breeches until he reaches the crotch. This is one moment which gives me especial pleasure. I require him to suck on the crotch or whatever pants I'm wearing while my boots rest firmly in his crotch. He must continue to ask for more opportunity to serve and describe his joy at what is given.

To two men so far, in a good many years, I have been a slave and a damned good one — but it is not my usual role.

I hope these general details are enough to get me enrolled in the Club. I look forward to meeting other members in my area. Yours in boot pleasure.

DRUMMER: Where do we send our?

ARNE: If you can, enclose a RECENT PHOTO. We will do what we can to introduce brothers through the local headquarters and newsletter. Everything is confidential, though, and we won't disseminate any information to anyone without express permission. So, relax, sniff some polish, and send the basics to:

ARNE

BOX 70

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Beverly Hills, California 90211

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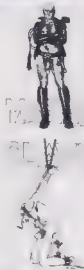
Why settle for warmed-over earrings for your nipples when there are continuous hoop tit rings available. And not the costume jewelry kind, either. These are solid 14k Gold Either 14k White or Yellow Gold and in your choice of Dime, Nickel or Quarter sizes in 15, 16 or 18 gauge. That's three sizes in three weights. Your choice for 29.95 each or 49.95 a pair

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LOS ANGELES/HOLLYWOOD
INTERMOUNTAIN LOGGING CO (western)
8250 Santa Monica Blvd
J'S RIDING SHOP (western)
1644 N. Wilcox
LEATHER LOFT
1170 N. Western Ave
MARK IV
4424 Melrose Ave
MELOSE LEATHER SHOP
5720 Melrose Ave
MIKE WHALEN'S LEATHER GAME
5210 Melrose Ave
THE EMPORIUM
5466 Santa Monica Blvd

LOS ANGELES/VALLEY
MIKE WHALEN'S LEATHER GAME
11513 Burbank Blvd

NO LONG BEACH
M K F'S CORRAL
2020 Arista Blvd

SAN DIEGO
HANGIN' TREE RANCH
P.O. Box 81988
San Diego, CA 92138
THE CRYPT
2820 Lytton St

SAN FRANCISCO
AMBUSH
1351 Harrison St
FEBE'S
1501 Folsom St
LEATHER FOREVER
1738 Polk St
LEATHER N THINGS
4079 18th St
LEATHER WORLD
1 James of S.F.I
839 Larkin St
THE EMPORIUM
311 Calif. St
TRADING POST (western & bike)
960 Folsom St

WEST HOLLYWOOD
PLEASURE CHEST
8549 Santa Monica Blvd
DENVER
DENVER TRACK & SUPPLY
1201 E 16th St No 10
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
LEATHER RACK
904 9th St

FLORIDA
DAYTONA BEACH
ANVIL, ART & AWE
The Saddle Sheep
811 Main St

FT. LAUDERDALE
CLUB HOUSE II
JAYBIRD NEWS
2575 W. Broward
CLUBHOUSE BATHS
299 S.W. 8th St
CLUB KEY WEST
821 Truman Ave
PLEASURE CHEST
Club Miami
2981 Coral Way
PLEASURE CHEST
Double R Bar
1001 N.E. 2nd St

GEORGIA
THE GREEK GOD
P.O. Box 12108
Atlanta, GA 30305

ILLINOIS
CHICAGO
MALE HIDE LEATHERS (western & bike)
66 W. Illinois St
THE LEATHER CELL
501 N. Clark

MARYLAND
BALTIMORE
LEATHER UNDERGROUND
Read & Park Sts.

MASSACHUSETTS
BOSTON
THE L.L. SHOP INC
80 Queenberry St

NEW YORK
CHAPS
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LEATHER MAN
85 Christopher St
MARQUE DE SJEDE
321 Bleeker St
P.C. LEATHERS LTD
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EASTSIDE
PLEASURE CHEST
248 E. 50th St
GREENWICH VILLAGE
PLEASURE CHEST
152 7th Ave S
MANHATTAN
LEATHER LOFT
313 Amsterdam
WESTSIDE
PLEASURE CHEST
230 Columbus Ave

OHIO
TOLEDO
RUSTLER SA LOON
4023 Monroe St

PENNSYLVANIA
PHILADELPHIA
PLEASURE CHEST
2039 Walnut St

TEXAS
DALLAS
EAGLE LEATHERS (western & bike)
Club Dallas
2616 Swiss Ave
EAGLE LEATHERS
Sundance Kids
4025 Maple Ave
MAPLE'S RANCH WEAR (western)
Tex's Ranch
4011 Maple Ave
UNION JACK (western)
3918 Cedar Springs

HOUSTON
EAGLE LEATHERS (western & bike)
Mary's
1022 Westheimer
MAPLE RANCH WEAR (western & bike)
Levi's
2400 Brazos
PLEASURE CHEST
3205 Montrose St

WASHINGTON
SEATTLE
JOHNNY'S HANDLE BAR
The Leather Cell
2018 1st Ave

WISCONSIN
MILWAUKEE
THE WRECKROOM
266 E. Erie St

Sources for Leather Apparel items are
invited to submit their names, addresses
and phone numbers for listing in our
Sources Guide

DRUMMER'S LEATHER SOURCES GUIDE



THE LEATHER BAR SCENE

THE / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATH

To the best of DRUMMER'S knowledge, all of these bars are still alive and living in Leather. If you can keep us informed of openings and/or closings of Leather Bars in your area... or let us know what we have missed - it will keep us all informed of where the leather action is.

ALABAMA

The Upstairs 314 N. Foster

ARIZONA

Ramrod 385 N. Black Canyon Rd.

CALIFORNIA

ARCADIA (off 210 Fwy)
Long Branch 131 1/2 E. Huntington Dr.

GARDEN GROVE

SADDLE CLUB 819 Garden Grove
THE IRON SPUR 11068 Garden Grove

LOS ANGELES/HOLLYWOOD

Bunkhouse 4519 Santa Monica
Detour 1087 Manzanita
1170 1170 N. Western Ave.
FALCON'S LAIR 742 N. Highland Ave.
Griff's 5574 Melrose Ave.
Headquarters 1941 Hyperion Ave.
Jaguar 7611 Santa Monica Blvd.
LARRY'S 5414 Melrose Ave.
LEATHERMAKER 2518 Sunset Blvd.
Manhandler Saloon 2892 S. LaCienega
ONE WAY 612 N. Hoover
OUTCAST 4223 Santa Monica Blvd.
RUSTY NAIL 7994 Santa Monica Blvd.
S. LVER DO LAR SALOON 4356 Sunset Blvd.
THE SPIKE 7746 Santa Monica Blvd.
Stud 4218 Melrose Ave.

LOS ANGELES/VALLEY

Drivshaft 13751 Victory Blvd.
Farmhouse 12318 Ventura Blvd.
Frank's Buckaroo Inn 922 Hollywood Way.
The Signal 10522 Burbank Blvd.
Hayloft 11818 Ventura Blvd.

NORTH LONG BEACH

MIKE'S CORRAL 2020 Artesia Blvd.
STALLION 5823 N. Atlantic Ave.

PALM SPRINGS

Party Room 87-877 Highway 111

SACRAMENTO

Montana Saloon 7604 Fair Oaks Blvd.

SAN BERNARDINO

SKYLARK 917 Inland Center Dr.

SAN DIEGO

BEE JAY'S 750 Indio St.
THE HOLE 2820 Lytton

SAN FRANCISCO

AMBUSH 1361 Harrison St.
BOLT 1347 Folsom
BOOT CAMP 1010 Bryant
Dude 990 Post (at Larkin)
FEBE'S 1601 Folsom
Federal Hotel 1087 Market St.
HOMBRE 2348 Market St.
LION PUB 2062 Divisadero
Polk Gulch Saloon 1090 Post
Rainbow Cattle Co. 199 Valencia
RAMROD 1255 Folsom
Round-up 298 6th St.
Saddle Tramp Saloon 1087 Sutter St.
Slot Hotel 979 Folsom St.
Wild Goose 1488 Pine St.

SAN JOSE

641 Club 841 Stockton St.

SANTA BARBARA

Thirty West Cote 30 W. Cote St.

COLORADO

Our Den 5110 W. Colfax
Triangle 2036 Broadway
1942 Club 1942 Broadway

COLORADO SPRINGS

Box Car Inn Nevada Ave. near Air Force Acad.)

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

EAGLE 904 Ninth St. NW
Eagle in Exile 953 Ninth St. NW
Louie's Spartan Lounge 305 Ninth St. NW

CONNECTICUT

HARTFORD

Warehouse 61 Woodbine

WATERBURY

Rusty's Roadhouse 1388 Thomaston



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Tacky's 2509 W. Broward Blvd

JACKSONVILLE

Brothers 484 May St
PHOEN X BAR Phoenix at 11th

MIAMI

Double "R" Bar 1001 N.E. Second Ave
Tool Room 3604 S.W. 8th

ORLANDO

The Stable 410 N. Orange Blossom Trail

ST. PETERSBURG

Rad Devil 1305 Central Ave

TAMPA

KIKIKI Saloon 909 N. Tampa

WEST PALM BEACH

Men's Country 506 25th St

GEORGIA

ATLANTA

Mrs. P's 551 Poncha de Leon, N.W.

ILLINOIS

CHICAGO

Glory Hole 1343 N. Wells

GOLD COAST 501 N. Clark St

SNAKE PIT 2828 N. Harsted

VIRGO OUT 2546 N. Clark St

FRANKLIN PARK

Missing Link 3011 Mannheim Rd

KENTUCKY

LOUISVILLE

Badlands Territory 116 E. Main

LOUISIANA NEW ORLEANS

Golden Lantern 1239 Royal St.
Lafitte's in Exile 901 Bourbon St.
TRAVIS II 820 N. Rampart

(K nights o' Orleans M.C.)

Seven Seas 515 St. Philip

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE

Gailey 1735 Maryland
Leon's 870 Peak
Saville 901 Aliceanna
Shipmates 1735 Maryland

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON

THE BOSTON EAGLE 88 Queensberry St.
Herbie's Ramrod 12 Carver
Shed 272 Huntington

Sporters 228 Cambridge

PROVINCETOWN

See Drift Inn (a guest house) 80 Bradford St

SPRINGFIELD

Quarry 382 Dwight St

MICHIGAN

DETROIT

INTERCHANGE 1501 Holden

Stephen's Saloon 17436 Woodward Ave

MISSOURI

KANSAS CITY

Pit 1014 Oak

ST. LOUIS

Bob Martin's Bar 201 S. 20th

MONTANA

BILLINGS

Frank's Hole 1625 Central

Cockpit 131 Moore

Pack Trail Inn Pine Hills

NEBRASKA OMAHA

Diamond Bar 516 S. 15th St.

NEW YORK

BUFFALO

Villa Capri 937 Main St., Corner of Allen

MANHATTAN

Anvil 600 W. 14th St., at 11th Ave.

Barracks 226 W. 42nd St.

Beau Geste 239 Third Ave.

Boot Hill 317 Amsterdam Ave.

Boots & Saddle 76 Christopher St.

Candle 309 Amsterdam Ave.

EAGLE'S NEST 21st at 11th Ave.

Fedora's 239 W. 4th St.

Frankenstein 45 Green St.

Nine Plus 138 11th Ave. at 18th St.

Ramp 11th Ave. at 18th St.

Ramrod 394 West St.

Rawhide West, foot of Christopher St.

Snake Bar 11th Ave. at 20th St.

Strap 18th St. at 10th Ave.

Warehouse Pier 51 324 Amsterdam Ave.

QUEENS

Billy The Kid 76-07 Roosevelt Ave.

NORTH CAROLINA

RALEIGH

The Capital Corral 313 W. Hargett St.

OHIO

AKRON

Satan's Inferno 351 W. Market

COLUMBUS

The Loft 622 S. High St. (Upstairs)

Trade Winds II 117 E. Chestnut



IN LONG BEACH

MIKE'S CORRAL

(909) 450-9552 North Long Beach
2020 East Arroyo

THE SPIKE

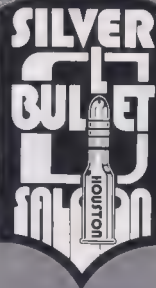
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THE LEATHER BAR SCENE

THE/WESTERN LEATHER/WESTERN/LEATHER/WESTERN LEATHER/WESTERN LEATHER/WESTERN LEATHER/WESTERN/LEATH

CLEVELAND
Lower Landing 1012 Summer Court
LEATHER STALLION 2208 St. Clair
Zanzibar 1830 Payne Ave

ROCKBRIDGE
Summit Lodge Route 1, Box 296

TOLEDO
THE RUSTLER SALOON 4023 Monroe St
Open Closet 3310 Fecor St. at Central

OREGON
PORTLAND
Dahl & Penne's 604 S.W. Second
Other Inn 242 S.W. Alder

PENNSYLVANIA
NEW HOPE
Cartwheel Inn 1 Mile West on 202

PHILADELPHIA
Allegro 1412 Spruce St.
Cell Block 206 S. Camac
Post 1706 Chancellor
Westbury Hotel Bar 217 S. 17th St
247 Bar 247 S. 17th St

PITTSBURGH
Edison Hotel Bar 135 Ninth
Rathskeller 1226 Herron Ave

TENNESSEE
MEMPHIS
Entree Nite 285 S. Cleveland

NASHVILLE
Jungle Lounge 715 Commerce

TEXAS
DALLAS
Chuck's 3019 Haskell
Sun Dance Kid 4025 Maple
Texas Ranch 4117 Maple

FORT WORTH
Rawhide 4016 White Settlement Rd.
GALVESTON
Mary's Too 2502 Q 1/2

HOUSTON
Barn 710 Pacific
Exile 1011 Bell
Fill'ng Station 1801 Richmond
Inside/Outside Country 1318 Westheimer
Lewi 2400 Brazos
Locker 1732 Westheimer
Mary's 1022 Westheimer
Ranch 6800 S. Main
Silver Bullet Saloon 1006 California St

WASHINGTON
SEATTLE
THE MARSHALL'S OFFICE 1224 Howell
JOHNNY'S HANDLEBAR 2018 First

WISCONSIN
MILWAUKEE
WRECK ROOM 266 E. Erie

WYOMING
CHEYENNE
Sam's Place 1600 Central Ave

CANADA
MONTREAL, P.Q.
Cafe Regent Apollo 5116 Ave du Parc
Dominion Square Tavern 1243 Metcalfe
Lincoln Cafe 4479 St. Denis
Napoleone Tavern 1121 des Commissaires, W
Trux 1426 Stanley, 3rd Floor

TORONTO, ONTARIO
Barracks 56 Widmer St
VANCOUVER, B.C.
Playpen South 1369 Richard St

LONDON, ENGLAND
LEATHER UNLIMITED (ALAN SELBY)
342 York Rd. Wandsworth

To the best of DRUMMER'S knowledge, all of these bars are still alive and living in Leather. If you can keep us informed of openings and/or closings of Leather Bars in your area, or let us know what we have missed, it will keep us all informed of where the Leather action is.

DRUMMER 70



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LEATHER/WESTERN BAR

the
Skylark

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SAN BERNARDINO, CALIFORNIA
(714) 885-9151

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SAN DIEGO, CA
(714) 223 9015
8 AM TO AFTER HOURS

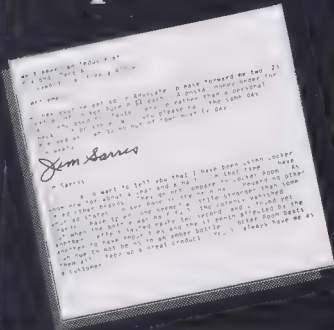
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impostors,
order
direct
from
factory.

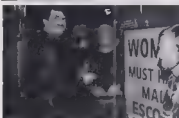


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PLEASE SEND - FREE OF CHARGE
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ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____
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DEPT. ADRI HOLLYWOOD, CA 90028

THE LEATHER BAR SCENE

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A warm welcome always greets the Leather/Levi crowd at **THE INTERCHANGE** Detroit's only MEN'S bar

Dur preference s for leather/levi and w th good reason. The studs pictured here are very heavily into the scene



Once inside the bar and particularly during the fourth anniversary celebrations, men were found in various stages of undress, although leather/levi is the accepted dress code

A capacity crowd is evidence of the bar's popularity. We do it "One Way - Leather/Levi"



Beards, mustaches and hairy legs for the hunky dudes who frequent **THE INTERCHANGE**



THE INTERCHANGE

Photos by
CHEIV KEVORKIAN

The **INTERCHANGE SALOON** in Detroit is a Leather/Levi bar of the first rank. Near the site of the bar is the famous John Lodge-Edsel Ford Freeway Interchange, from which the bar takes its name. Just as the freeway is jammed with cars, the **INTERCHANGE** is jammed with hunky Leather/Levi dudes, or just guys on the make. The **INTERCHANGE** may not be one of the largest bars in Detroit, but, per square foot it certainly is one of the busiest. Humpy is a word that could easily have been coined here! A word of caution — the dudes don't like under wear. More often than not, you'll probably find some hanging shredded on the rafters. The homespun atmosphere of the bar captures your imagination: barnwood, hand hewn beams, wagon wheels, saddles, shackles, stuffed animal heads, dim lighting, hunky bartenders all lead you to where it's at — a masculine Leather/Levi bar — **THE INTERCHANGE**.

The **INTERCHANGE** now beginning its fourth year of operation, is home to four L/L Clubs and a newly formed Van Club, all of whom meet in the second floor Club Room to direct their various activities; perhaps the most famous of which are the **TRIBE's** annual "Do A Fool" Run and a Charity Slave Auction.

This year, on Thursday of the Anniversary Weekend, the Clubs expanded their bar support to include tending bar, preparing and serving hot hors d'oeuvres and a spaghetti dinner for the people registered. At midnight a \$50.00 door prize was awarded. Amidst the tight Levi's, hairy chests and Leather, a capacity crowd partied. At closing time

nobody wanted to leave, but fortunately the party was to continue for three more days.

The Friday afternoon cocktail crowd was larger than normal, particularly considering the blizzard conditions, because many guys took the day off to party, and party they did. As the evening approached, and the crowd reached outrageous proportions, it became impossible even to play pool.

Part of the activities for the weekend was the selection of a new **MR. INTERCHANGE**. Contests were also held for Best Western and for Best Leather. The contests got off to a rip-roaring start when three dudes dressed in Leather parodied "You Could Drive a Person Crazy" from Company. The Best Western prize of \$50.00 and trophy was won by Tom S. To get the judging started for Best Leather, Larry Lynn and Jim Donley did a take-off on the song "Sisters," with one bizarre twist, full Leather with lace cuffs. The \$50.00 prize and trophy for Best Leather was won by Larry K. of **INTERNATIONAL ROADMASTERS**.

Toledo. The main event of the evening, the selection of the new **MR. INTERCHANGE** — was greeted with wild enthusiasm. The contestants were even better built than last year's, which I thought was an impossibility. The winner was Ron Ackerman who received the \$50.00 prize and his trophy.

And still they partied — people were everywhere, even in rooms which normally are for private purposes (catch the ladies john some night). At 1:00 AM another \$50.00 door prize was awarded

On Saturday, Brunch was served at the bar from 10 am until 4 pm. Eggs to order, ham, sausage, bacon and hash browned potatoes were the fare of the day. At 6 pm, the crowd moved over to the Boulevard House for dinner where roast beef au jus, Duchess potatoes and a spinach salad were served buffet style and afterwards French Pastries. An open bar and disco music were just the right touch. The party was again in full swing. At 9 pm, another \$50.00 door prize was awarded and then it was back to the bar for more drinking — in fact, more of everything. At last call another \$50.00 door prize was awarded and then everyone headed back to the Boulevard House (commonly called "The Orgy House," with good reason), for an after hours party. Just opening the door gave you a contact high. More free beer! Disco music and this time, a wall of moves of every type of action. The movies were bland compared to the action going on in every part of the house. Anything you were into was there for the taking. At about 10 am, Bloody Mary's were served to the survivors, those still going at it, or the early risers.

Brunch at the **INTERCHANGE** again and still the party atmosphere continued. Fresh fruit salad, pastries, scrambled eggs with mushrooms, ham and hashed browns were served until 3 pm.

Having feasted, drunk and partied for four days, I finally dragged my sore, tired and spent body home with memories of yet another great IC function.

BOB VANCE

Would you look at the basket
see that bartender?

A word of caution . . . T-shirts are in. Under-
wear comes off!

Another "one way" sign finds other active
areas - the ladies john (required by state law),
complete with vaseline intensive care dis-
penser for those hard to get into areas.



Men are standard
but at THE



During the four days of anniversary activities
many friendships were formed by the four
leather/levi clubs with their counterparts.



"Brotherhood of Men" would have been an apt
title for this year's anniversary run.



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WITH THE BIKE CLUBS

CHICAGO

If Chicago is the nation's Second City, Detroit has to be the Midwest's Second City; but Detroiters do not believe that its gay Leather/Levi — Motorcycle Club scene is second to anything. While the number of clubs is not as profuse as, say, San Francisco or New York, its variety is sufficient to accommodate all tastes. With this article we give a brief introduction to each of the Clubs.

The first of the Detroit Clubs is the TRIBE, who will be celebrating their 6th Anniversary this August. It was founded in 1971 as an outgrowth of a Detroit affiliate of the SPEARHEAD OF TORONTO. The TRIBE rapidly became one of the best known clubs in the Midwest. Its annual run — "Do A Fool" — held in April, draws its participants from all over the States and Canada. TRIBE members have a reputation for hospitality, camaraderie and *joie de vivre* unmatched anywhere. Their emphasis is on sociality and fun, but they have a serious side too. Their annual Charity Slave Auction raises money for a variety of causes and is one of the most successful fund drives in the City. They are always ready to extend their hand to help those in need. The TRIBE is not a motorcycle club, however, a group of the bike-owning members have formed a subsidiary called the PATHFINDERS, who are an integral part of the TRIBE, but extend their interests to biking activities.

The SELECTMEN is the second oldest group in the City. They formed as an alternative to the TRIBE. Although five of the original seven members were bike owners, they decided not to limit membership to bikers. SELECTMEN and TRIBE worked with other Midwest Clubs in the formation of the Mid-America

Conference, A Council of Clubs designed to co-ordinate the activities of the rapidly proliferating Club scene. Their annual run — "Travlin' Man" — is held in August. This year will be their fourth anniversary.

INTERNATIONAL ROADMASTERS-MICHIGAN is the only Detroit Club which is purely a motorcycle club. Required for membership is ownership of a machine large enough to maintain highway speeds. Their emphasis has always been on bike touring and bike events. Although they are not presently planning formal annual runs, they do get together for weekly bike trips throughout the Summer, weather permitting. They welcome all bikers on these trips. Every year they raise money to give a Christmas party, complete with Santa Claus and presents, to the children at the Salvation Army Children's Home in Detroit. Many of these children have never had a gift and the ROADMASTERS make an event in their lives not soon to be forgotten.

SIGNS OF ZODIAC is the smallest of the Detroit Clubs, but its size does not reflect on the size of its impact on the L/L Scene. Only two years old, the SIGNS have already demonstrated their dedication to promoting the communality of L/L men.

MOBILE MAN is the newest of the Detroit Clubs. It is a Van Club devoted to the somewhat different activities of caravaning in self-contained units, instead of the usual bike tours and bike runs. It has strong leadership and is well organized. We can only hope it fulfills its promise.

These five Clubs make the center of their activities at the INTERCHANGE, Detroit's only L/L bar. Some of the many trophies they have been awarded are displayed in the two 4' x 8' cases on the west wall of the bar. The variety of

the L/L Scene is reflected in the Detroit Clubs and make Detroit not as provincial as some would have you believe.

by RALPH McPHEARSON

TEXAS

Delegates representing members of every motorcycle club in Texas announced plans for the United States' first All-State sponsored motorcycle run to be held in the Houston area June 17, 18 and 19: LONESTAR ONE.

A traditional first, LONESTAR ONE will be one of the largest joint ventures of this type ever attempted. The three day camp-out will feature as much fun, food, events and Southern Hospitality and good hot times as the men of Texas can muster up. LONESTAR ONE is sponsored by the American Leathermen, Colt 45's, Dallas M.C., Houston M.C., Heart of Texas M.C., International Roadmasters, San Antonio Rough Riders, Tejas, M.C., Texas Riders, and the Wranglers M.C. The cost of LONESTAR ONE will be \$40.00 before April 15, \$45.00 before May 15, and \$50.00 after May 15, 1977.

All Texas clubs have decided to cancel their own individual national events in order to pool their time, money and talents to produce one of the largest and most unusual outdoor runs ever given. TEXAS promises an event June 17, 18 and 19 that will be long remembered as well as the Alamo. Get roped into the new TEXAS tradition — "livin', leather, and longnecks". That's what it's about and LONESTAR ONE will give it to you!!!

Contact: Joe Obrien, State Coordinator, P.O. Box 35853, Dallas, TX 75235. Area 214 — 941-4533.

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P.O. Box 600122, No. Miami, FL 33160
BROTHERHOOD OF MAN M.C.
P.O. Box 8312, West Palm Beach, FL 33407
ADVENTURERS — SUNCOAST
P.O. Box 3452, Seminole, FL 33542

Right at press time, these clubs have contacted us with their desire to be listed for communication with other clubs. The names are coming in fast and will be listed by area next issue.

SONS OF APOLLO c/o The Ramrod
395 Black Canyon Hy. Phoenix, AZ 85009
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395 Black Canyon Hy., Phoenix, AZ 85009
KNIGHTS OF MALTA, Western Chapter
P.O. Box 7728, Reno, NV 89502
OTTAWA KNIGHTS
P.O. Box 9174, Alta Vista Postal Sta.
Ottawa, Ont., Canada K1G 3T9
SPEARHEAD M.C.
P.O. Box 293, Station A
Toronto, Ont., Canada M5W 1B2
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KNIGHTS OF OMAHA
514-518 S. 16th St., Omaha, Neb. 68102
FRIENDS LEATHER & DENIM CLUB
OF MONTREAL
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Montreal, Quebec, H3G 2N1
T. 514 M.C. % R. Smith, Apt. 2-B
5331 No. Kenmore, Chicago, IL 60640

CIN CITY M.C.
P.O. Box 1151, Cincinnati, OH 45201
SELECTMEN M.C.
P.O. Box 1855, Fort Shelby Station
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the leather fraternity

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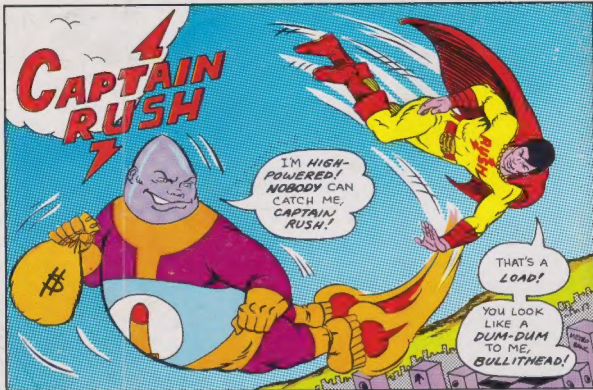
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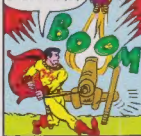


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